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DISCORDER

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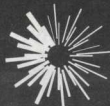
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Events at a glance:

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WEDNESDAY APRIL 10 GMAN & RIZK present

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FRIDAY APRIL 12

OVERWEIGHT Fridays presented by CIRCA FOOTWEAR, in association with B-MAN & KRAFT and FWUH Hip Hop Show. Trimming the fat off of hip hop with resident DJ VINYL RITCHIE and DJs SCIENCE, MR. RUMBLE, AGE, MAT THE ALIEN, BLAZE and more on rotation each week. Strictly underground hip hop all night upstairs with DJs NEEDLE KNIEVAL, HEDSPIN, and ABEL. Doors 9:00pm/Cover \$7

SATURDAY APRIL 13 HOUSE OF VENUS presents

THE WIGGLE SHOW 9th annual wig and fashion extravaganza, hosted by Cotton and special guest **LADY BUNNY** (NYC). Followed by **INSIDE**, with resident DJs DICKEY DOO & TODD OMOTANI. Plan B upstairs in the lounge with CLARENCE & his Soul/Jazz Crew. FRANC LOGIK warms up the main room 9 - 10. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

THURSDAY APRIL 18 LIME presents

DI SWAMP Back again, it's the man better known as Beck's DJ and '96 DMC Champion. D&B, Breaks, Hip Hop...droppin' by for his exclusive gig on this night alongside CZECH & GROOVEROBBER. He returns to throw down what is sure to be another extraordinary set. Doors 9:30pm/Advance tickets at Bassix, Obstruction, Futuristic Flavour, Hypnotik Records. Limited capacity

SATURDAY APRIL 20 Spectrum-Events.com Presents

IVANNA SANTILLI (Toronto) live - 9pm cover tbc

TUESDAY APRIL 23

DI BRIAN (Moonshine/Phat Funk/Ritual Sounds) @ [TACTICAL] presented by PH1.ca it's Moontribe's Full Moon phenomenon. This is hard trance, acid house and progressive techno at its best. Do not miss. Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

THURSDAY APRIL 25

DI GREYBOY (Ubiquity Records, SF) presented by 2Guerilla, the Georgia Straight, X-fm, Boomtown, Gravis, Dream & Puff. Westcoast Acid Jazz DJ and Producer who has released countless 12" on Ubiquity stops by. Music ranging from hip hop & funk, to jazz & soul in classic and pimpin' Greyboy style. <http://www.ubiquityrecords.com> Doors 9pm/\$13.50 advance tickets available at Boomtown, Zulu, FWUH, Dream, High Life, Black Swan, Scratch, Futuristic Flavor, Bassix and Sonar (n/c)

SATURDAY APRIL 27 **Early Show** Timbre Productions presents

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coming soon...

THURSDAY MAY 02 - **DONALD GLAUDE** / THURSDAY MAY 09 - **NORDIC TRAX @ NEW MUSIC WEST (LIVE PA)** / THURSDAY MAY 16 - **MARK FARINA** / SUNDAY MAY 26 - **REPLEX RECORDS TOUR** / TUESDAY MAY 28 - **JOHN CREAMER**

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DISCORDER

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DISCORDER

Cover

Well, I was in class when the cover arrived from Lori and they've already sent it off to be outprinted, so I haven't actually SEEN it yet. But both Christa and Steve seem to think it's really good. Lori designed it using a photo by Leslie Lyons.

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dear airhead

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HARD, MINIMAL. OR DUBBED OUT?

Dear Disorder,

Thanks for sending the infamous Rob Robot to review the Safety Scissors and Sutekh show back in February. However, Mr. Robot perhaps indulged in too many "brewskis" as his review stated some incorrect "facts." Just to set the record straight:

1. Tobias and Construct—not Tobias and Ssiess—played the last DJ sets of the night. I played minimal house and Construct played electro; we did not play "hard techno and effects."
2. Ssiess is the visual artist, not a DJ. He did the visuals.
3. Olo J Milikman did the art installations.
4. John Burke played the hard techno, not me or Construct. He is from NYC and opened the evening.

5. After John was local live electronic musician Loscil, who was not mentioned in the review. He played dubbed out minimal techno.
6. Construct and Ssiess funded the show, not me. I simply organized it.

best,

tobias v

PS: I love David Gahan.

MYSTERIOUS COMIC STRIP ARRIVES IN THE MAIL



vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

PHIL SMITH

What the New World Teaches the Old (Emblem)

When I first listened to this CD, about a month ago, I just didn't



know what to make of it. Maybe I was expecting Phil Smith's latest to jump out at me like his most memorable old Corsage songs: do, clever, catchy, political, and angry. Given the lineup of musicians (a who's who of the first generation Vancouver punk scene), maybe I was expecting something louder and more overt. Instead, *What the New World Teaches the Old* starts off subtle and often lovely. The first six

songs make up the New World half of the CD and are quieter, combining an almost Leonard Cohen-style vocal delivery with a dark, dreamy brand of folk accompaniment (provided mostly by co-writer Bill Napier-Henry). "Magpie," the first track, is ominous/delicate with a beautiful repeating piano bit; later on, the title track does something similar with a guitar and Nicole Sten's ethereal backing vocals. The seventh through twelfth tracks (the Old World half) are in a higher gear, with Jade and Scout from the Disrags adding vocals. One, "Jackson," was produced by Bob Rock, has hard-edged guitar, and is slightly reminiscent of the B-52s. Another, "She's Become a Memory," is more like a hypnotic chant.

MISTRESS JEN
Naked Organ (Independent)

Ah, the old sweet cover photo trick! The photo on the back of the CD shows what looks like a darling teenage girl, but the

lyric sheet tells a different story: songs about revenge, girl hominess (in graphic detail worthy of Frightwig or The Smears), various psychological problems, and being a dominatrix. This turns out to be a kind of cabaret, with Jen belting out songs that aren't easy to sing along with, accompanying herself on an organ that's sometimes rollicking, sometimes calypso-like, and sometimes sticks to tasteful repetitive arpeggios. The last track, "WWW.Dot.Com (New Wave Version)," is the only one where our mistress is joined by another musician—it's also the track with the stand-out chorus.



fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

I am the best guitar player in the world. Okay, maybe I'm not the best overall guitar player in the world, but I'm certainly the best guitar player in the world who doesn't actually have a guitar.

I should rephrase my title. I don't usually make up my own guitar solos because then I'd have to write songs and sing and find an actual band. I don't

runs towards me because I'm so beautiful. One of them, usually the fattest one with the longest hair, asks me if I need help. I tell him that I'm looking for a guitar. Instantly, while asking me if my lengthy legs, he asks me if I would like one with "nylon strings" since women only have long, painted nails made for picking out fucking folk songs. I spend about an hour convinc-

says, trying to hold back his shock and not piss all over himself. "You're pretty good," even though I'm a thousand times more skilled than him and his sausage fingers. He takes back the guitar and tries to talk and play "Starship Trooper" at the same time. He can't do it. He's no master like Howe. He stinks. Like shit. But he MUST prove that he is better than I am. He

I AM THE MASTER OF TABLATURE

want to. I'm a universal cover band. I am the Master of Tablature.

Guitar World taught me how to play guitar when I was eight years old. The first song I learned how to play was the masterpiece "Closer to the Heart." I learned it on a classical guitar in exactly 12 minutes. I've wanted to buy an electric guitar ever since I realized that I was a better guitar player than the great Alex Lifeson. But it is IMPOSSIBLE. This is what happens every time I go to a guitar shop:

First, when I walk into the store, everybody in the store

giving me back the guitar and says, "Do you like this one? Do you want to try again?" I play my hero Malmsteen's "Black Star." At twice the speed. I win. He says, "Look, if you don't like this guitar, I'll give you nothing else. It's the best one." He refuses to show me anything else and tells me that this guitar that's nothing but a buffed up turd painted powder blue is the best. He kicks me out of the store for playing "too loud."

I'll never get a guitar. I'll never get to be Dinebag Darrell's protégé. My mind-blowing talent and fantastic beauty is such a curse. •



DOA

Just Play It Over and Over (Sudden Death)

Governments may come and go—hell, empires may rise and fall—but DOA remains with us, surviving innumerable lineup changes and the passing of countless musical trends. And thank goodness for that. Joey Shithead Keithley remembers that good punk rock means tunes that stick in your head, and a couple of the tracks on this five-song EP are downright anthemic. One, "Just Say No to the WTO," has obvious practical uses, and certainly makes sense coming from a guy who ran for the Green Party in the last provincial election. (Now don't you wish he'd won?) And on "All Across the USA," the first track, Bif Naked joins in on the vocals, making for one hell of a singalong chorus. All that's missing is a lyrics sheet so fans can join in the first time around.

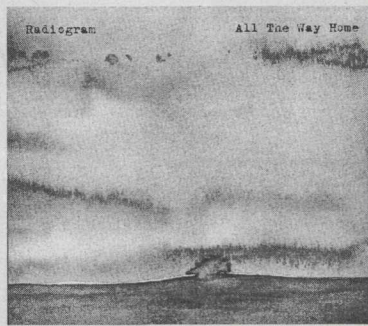
www.suddendeath.com

RADIOGRAM
All the Way Home (Endearing)

Radiogram, led by Ken Beattie, plays songs that are nothing less than minimalist, urban, post-folk, alt-country, slightly jazz-tinged symphonies. "Chamber pop" is a term Beattie uses, and it makes sense, although it hardly does justice to the band's complex sound, which makes use of sometimes unbelievably slow tempos, dynamics, a wide range of instruments and influences, and uses silence almost like another band member. The songs are often long—even edging into eight minutes—multi-layered

and complex, with repeating themes and distinctive sounds that come and go, frequently leaving Beattie's melancholic, nearly broken voice to drift on its own. The standouts may be "Waiting for The Merry Go Round," and "Not Here," which opens with a rich baroque guitar, but really, it's hard to choose. Apparently Radiogram have sold out every Vancouver show they've played in the last year and a half. Be warned—when they come back from their current tour you may need to line up early to see them! Radiogram play the Pic on May 2 with the Beans and The Secret Threes.

www.radiogram.org •



kill your boyfriend

comics and graphic art by Robin

Like most single girls, I've got a cat. His name is Sloan and he turned six this summer. He initially came as a set; my old roommate had

introduced to *What's Michael*, a series of short stories from Japan by Makoto Kobayashi. The stories describe the misadventures of a generic mar-

caught doing something stupid or something they shouldn't, they do this weird little dance to distract people. The stories are unorthodox in a sense because they don't revolve around punchlines. It's just everyday scenarios with people (and cats) doing everyday things. The stories are quite innovative as well. There's the recurring Japanese Mafia member who is alternately terrified by and turned to mush at the various sightings of the Michaels. Oh oh—and there's Catzilla, too—a huge behemoth of a cat who refuses to budge.

Some of the stories have kittens. (Awww!) The talking cats at a sales meeting who can't help but let their natural cat tendencies overtake them will have you literally rolling on the floor. You learn things too—did you know that cats don't scratch themselves with their front paws? It's a comic book created solely for the real cat lover.

The art is huge and expressive. Big lips, giant, bug-out eyes and epic drops of sweat abound. It's also heavy on the

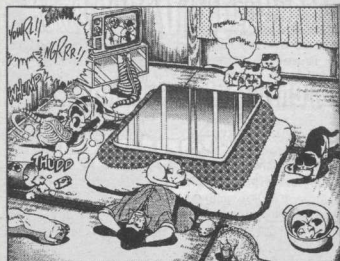
detail, which makes everything even more adorable. Your eyes will stretch when confronted by

on. You don't even have to read it—just look at the pictures. Kobayashi is also a master at

the tongues were sticking out. As well, the humans that populate the Michaels' existence are full of character. Like the Yakuza gang member who goes into an absolute panic every time he sees a Michael: every second panel he's screaming, "What if I turn that corner and there's a cat curled up in the middle of the street? What should I do?!!" Oodles of silliness for the whole family.

There are three books: *Off the Deep End*, *Michael's Mambo*, and *Michael's Favourite Spot*. They are reasonably priced compact books, and they are also independent of each other, so you don't have to worry about getting the rest or more.

(Oh man, I know this sounds sooo cheesy but I swear to you Sloan just came over and curled up in my lap. He's the cutest, a total purrry beast. And, as all cat owners know, that's my cue to go.) •



his twin sister Beck first. (Hence the musical bent to his name.) I can talk about him incessantly. He's my baby. He looks exactly like Sylvester from *Looney Tunes*. My perfect tuxedo cat. Anyway, if you're not a cat person, you should probably cease reading at this point.

About three years ago I was

malade cat named Michael. Basically, Michael is meant to represent all cats. He appears in different families, with his own family, wrestling, gambling, dancing, and having business meetings. It's fantastical and weird sometimes, but it's always hilarious. I especially like how when the Michaels get



the Michaels' wide-eyed stares. Sadness, exasperation, and guilt are all clearly expressed, it's quite easy to tell what's going

capturing the cats' every nuance—like the story about the Michaels being chased all over town because their tiny lit-



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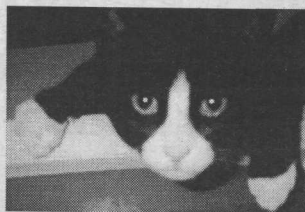
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over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

I have many questions. I usually hate the rhetorical device of the question, or series of questions, mostly because the questions, once posed, go unanswered by the author. Also, in print, the use of the question sets up the false impression that there's a dialogue going on, when really, it's a monologue. This column will be filled with ? because we all break our own rules. We're hypocrites by nature, and I'd be lying if I claimed to be any different.

First off, why do we tend to delineate between "high culture" and "low culture," good and bad? Maybe I'm too into irony—when various media outlets pronounced it dead a few months back, I was puzzled. Had the cultural artifacts I found most joy in ceased to exist? Had I ceased to exist? How could I find my way back if all the signifiers I'd dropped like breadcrumbs as I headed into the dark wood of uncertainty had been eaten by the hungry bird columnists? Maybe I've had too much caffeine, or

perhaps I'm tired of debating meaning and value. Lately, *The Province* and Hollywood movies have taken priority over *Punk Planet* and indie films shot on digital. I'm struggling with finding meaning and steeping myself in the esoteric, because my obsession with the periphery and "the other" is as hard-line as being a sympathizer for right wing causes, in that both perspectives fall back on good/bad dichotomies. I've come to the conclusion that I can't complain about feeling alienated when I read books, see movies, listen to albums, or attend shows that few people care about if I don't also immerse myself in the everyday, the accessible. Can I leave my lo-fi elitism behind and get along with my neighbours? Without irony, will I be doomed to be like the man at the Capitol 6 Theatre, who, during a screening of *Shoofin'*, kept sighing at the deliciously lame plot when he should have just laughed, and then ended up becoming so disgruntled that he walked out after 30 minutes? I say, dude,

what did you expect when you pay money to see a film that involves Rene Russo?

Me, I'm ready to take my dose of Eddie Murphy alongside my dose of (insert name of sexy critical theorist here) and

HERE ARE MY WORDS OF WISDOM FOR THIS COLUMN: JUST BECAUSE THERE ARE LINE BREAKS, IT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S POETRY.

my daily B12 vitamin. In the meantime, I have other questions too, such as: why don't boys call when they say, with such sincerity, that they're going to call? But there I go wasting column inches on self-ish girly topics when I'm trying to write about books. Oh, who am I kidding? Every opportunity to write is an excuse to write about me, me, me.

Okay, back to the topic I wanted to discuss when I was thinking about high culture ver-

sus low culture: April is National Poetry Month, because the League of Canadian Poets has told us so since 1999. Nothing divides people into camps—with the exception of last year's "I love/hate The Strokes" rumble—like poetry. My favourite zine, *Turf*, is emphatically anti-poetry (and for the record, I'm pro-poetry). In *Turf V: The Bedside Companion*, there's a section entitled "Make the Connection: Poetry is to words as feet are to smell." The gist of the *Turf* argu-

ating. It is lost in soppy, personal reflections on love—boppin' to a beat that should have died long ago—or stuck in a wannabe framework of avant gardism that collapses in on itself through overt seriousness or lack thereof. To this I say, the same argument could be applied to fiction, music, film, art, and yes tobias, even your one true love, critical theory. Here are my words of wisdom for this column: just because there are line breaks, it doesn't mean it's poetry. Call it a hunch, call it "Doretta's rule of thumb for poetry," but don't call it poetry unless it breaks your heart in exactly the right way, with the perfect string of words.

MOVING TO THE CLEAR

Jason Dewinetz
(NewWest Press)

Jason Dewinetz is the founding editor of Greenboathouse Books, a small press based in Victoria that puts out beautifully made, content-lush chapbooks. I'm most familiar with Greenboathouse's poetry, including a collection by Anthony Schrag called *Moving Pictures*, which I read and reread, so I was very curious about Dewinetz's own poetry. The book is divided into four sections, beginning with the immediate, physical and tangible "A Guide to the Birds of the North Okanagan" and ending with the intellectual "In

Theory," a series of four poems casting theorists as poetic protagonists. The poem "Jacques Derrida reconsiders the stricture of definition" features a Margaret Atwood epigraph, and coincidentally, the lines "And so these moments/when I am not ruined by question, my heart, instead, forgets itself." I've committed those words to memory.

In addition to a knowledge of theoretical thought, literature, and a deft touch for describing geography as if he was describing the face of his mother, Dewinetz is the master of specificity, to the point that I feel I could navigate North Okanagan using his poetry as guide, his images as landmarks. As I read, I knew that I trusted his control over language because he can lend words such as sucker, wiener, ass, and shit an air of dignity.

All the thoughts I had at the beginning of this column regarding high/low culture came together in a single image in moving to the clear: "Raft of the Medusa" coasters (from the "Gércaull's Severed Limbs Paintings" section). Can I have a set of those "Raft" coasters so that I can set a cold glass of Diet Coke atop a work of art I saw when I was twenty and idealistic, without ruining the faux wood finish of my second hand coffee table? •

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by Bryce Dunn



Spring is here, and the smell of fresh wax is in the air, so let's not waste another minute, shall we? If all this rain and snow has got you down, then take cold comfort with **SONGS-OHIA** (a.k.a. Jason Molina) and two dust-bowl Americana anthems ("The Gray Tower" b/w "Black Link To Fire Link") for those long lonely nights that harkens the second coming of Neil Young. Could SONGS-OHIA be secretly Canadian? No, but the label is... (1021 South Walnut, Bloomington, IN 47401 USA).



Since we're talking about

second comings, the boys of **RYE COALITION** resurrect the ghosts of **JESUS LIZARD** and **KILDOZER** with their two songs: the first ("ZZ Topless"), twists a Mountain-style riff over and over, and the second ("Snowjob"), features a lurching bass and scratchy vocal delivery reminiscent of David Yow and company. Fans of Steve Albini take note, the king of Chicago lends his trademark production techniques to this slab, so play loud! (Tiger Style Records, 149 Wooster St. 4th Floor, New York, NY 10012)

I wish someone had called Albini to help record four Maritime acts on this comp I'm listening to right now. All four bands—**ROCK RANGER**, **CONFIDENCE BAND**, **THE BURDOCKS**, and **THE RUDY HUXTABLE PROJECT**—suffer from tin-can sound that ultimately, in cases, diminishes the energy that bands like the aforementioned Burdocks possess on their song "Attention Mockingbird." All things considered, this is a good sampling of what's going on the other

coast of Canada at the moment. (Out Of Touch Records, 6209 Duncan St., Halifax, NS B3L 1K4)

Representing our coast this month is **THE ORGAN** with their DIY debut. They are five girls with their feet firmly plant-

ed in new wave shoes and armed with a simple philosophy: less is more. Both tracks here feature the band's name-sake as the focal point (duh!), and melancholic vocals similar to early '80s art-punk like Au Pairs. These gals play often enough so go catch 'em April 15 at Mesa Luna or write <theorgan@hotmail.com> if you want to get your hands on this offering.

Over the Atlantic we go now to visit the hardest working man in the UK, thee Billy

Childish. I need not remind you that your record collections, bookshelves, and living room walls should (or dare I be bold and say MUST) contain some form of work from Chatham's finest, but lest ye need reminding, pick up **THE BUFF MEDWAYS** latest three-song punk-fest and revel in all its stripped down, two-chord glory. "One More Letter" and "Every Moment" are perfect examples of this, and "Ivor" sees a more mod-influenced sound creep in and Billy tries his hand at falsetto vocals for a refreshing change. And the name you ask? It's derived from a group in Chatham who are working on genetically breeding a long extinct species of chicken only found in their home town! (Sympathy For The record industry, www.sympathyrecords.com)

THE CYNICS are back! The Cynics are back! Okay, well they never really went away, but for these mainstays of the mid-'80s East Coast garage scene, it's damn exciting when you find new material from a group who's last record came out nearly eight years ago! Working their way toward an upcoming full-length later this spring, we are graced with two new 45s, one of which sees them covering Gonn's garage classic "Doin Me In," and on the flip a more folk-punk styled original with a cool 12-string

break called "Last Day." A must for any fan of Pittsburgh's princes of psych-punk power! (Get Hip Recordings, Columbus



And Preble Aves., Pittsburgh, PA 15233 USA).

Last but certainly not least another band with an upcoming LP in the can and two 7" teasers to tide us over is **THE BRIEFS**, Seattle's pogo-party starters. Got my hands on the first one and haven't stopped bouncing since. "She's Abrasive" is pure manic punk-pop energy from start to finish, and "Like A Heart Attack" slows down only a little and helps you catch your breath so you don't have a cardiac arrest from jumping around as a result of the first track. Fans of **The Buzzcocks**, **Dickies**, **skinny ties**, and hair dye will need this, pronto! (Dirtnap Records, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111 USA). I'm pooped, see you next month. •



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Record played most often on your show:

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Record you would save in a fire:

None! Because then I would fret over all the ones I did not save.

Record that should burn in hell:

Every record I didn't save from the fire.

The worst band you like:

All music makes me smile, but a band that really makes me "smile" is Enuff Z'Nuff!

First record you bought:

The Pointed Sticks Perfect Youth LP.

Last record you bought:

The Accident s/t CD EP.

Best interview ever:

Iggy Pop, Tommy Chong, Kim Shattuck of the Muffs, and... Mark Kleiner! Please let me say something about Mark Kleiner! He has been in great bands (The Sisters Lovers, Jungle, The Mark Kleiner Power Trio) and is truly an incredible talent! His knowledge of the rock scene is unsurpassed and Mark owns the shirt that Peter Dinklage of the Monkees wore in the movie HEAD!

Worst interview ever:

Sebastian Bach of Skid Row threatened to "beat me up for fun" and stole my favourite toque! Plus, he smashed the videotape I was using to "capture" the interview. The shitty thing was the tape also contained interviews with Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Sandra Bernhard, and George Clinton! Almost this exact same thing happened again a few years later with Quiet Riot! Now I only do heavy metal interviews over the phone!

Musician you would most like to marry:

Cynthia Plaster Caster! To see why check out my website at www.nardwuar.com.

Favourite show on CITR:

Vancouver is so lucky to have CITR! And it's CITR's 20th Anniversary this year, don't ya know! The show that I first sat in on was Thunderbird Radio Hell, which is still going! So, okay, Thunderbird Radio Hell is my favourite show!

Strangest phone call received while on air:

Somebody phoned to ask if anybody wanted to interview Courtney Love. I gladly obliged! *



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BY BOON KONDO

K-O-S

K-os is everywhere these days. Here's 8 answers out of the 15 I asked. The two other questions I wished he would have answered were:

9. The "Vibrant Thang" video. It wasn't that bad (misogynistic) and lyrically, it ain't at all but it's obvious why it faded many Tribe fans. How hard is it to make sexy music or a sexy video without being sexist in this day and age?

10. The Beastie Boys were criticized for overlooking America's own native cause when they were doing shows for Tibet. I wouldn't say that support has to be exclusively local or domestic but it does make sense to shed light on a historic social problem in your own land if you are going to great lengths to shed light on one half-way around the world. Here in Canada we say chink, pun, nigger, etc., and eyebrows will raise, but people say chug like they say good morning and it's largely unnoticed. Hip hop in the States hasn't necessarily championed native rights either, but is or should there be a place for it in Canadian hip hop?

I wished he would have answered #9 because he is a huge Tribe fan and, like many, felt kinda put off by the whole "Vibrant Thang" #8 and #10 because, well, just read the question again. But answers to other questions are right below...

DISORDER: I think it means a lot to the newer generation of Canadians to have Choclair, the Rascalz, Swollen, etc. representin' in the music game.

Canadian hip hop is alive and kicking but we're not just duplicating the American art forms, we're just doing it musically, period. We got the Pocket Dwellers, Esthero, Danko Jones, Ivanna Santilli, yourself, of course: artists that are unique in any environment. And I just found out today that Remy Chand is Canadian and the first to have a deal with Motown. What's up with all this?

k-os: I think Canada is a unique environment because we are the "observer." This awareness stimulates a different quality of intelligence. All we need to do now is recognize what Canada needs and supply it. This is the job of the artist... to provide nourishing food for thought. I think it's kinda fitting that you're now a Van City resident because of the fact that you were in "Top of the World" which is like our hip hop anthem here and because I think it is the perfect Vancouver hip hop song; I think that sample is the best sample anyone could have possibly came up with to do a Van City hip hop anthem, intentional or not. Plus, I think you complement the unique entities that the Rascalz and Swollen have created as far as hip hop goes. It is kinda funny that you're here now?

I love Vancouver, it is a spiritual centre—nature is strong there! I do not live there now, but I did

for a year or so. The Rascalz! Well, I'm a huge fan. I am so fortunate that they let me rock on that track... thanks for the LOVE. I'm glad you felt it. "Spreading the vibe!"

What does it mean to you that you could open up a show at an underground hip hop night (like the one you played Mac 7 at the Formula night at Element's) with the song "Yesterday" and have half the place singing along with you? Music is the universal language... as long as you do it for them, hip hop heads would sing Neil Diamond!

It's kinda funny because you are filling a void in hip hop that I have been thinking about for awhile. The reason I usually change a disc to something non-hip hop is because my ears get tired of the strictly beats and bass from time to time. And no one can accuse the Roots of creating music that ain't organic, but it's still a bottom heavy type groove, right? And I think the fact that your performance at Element's was only a half hour was a good thing because I don't think the stripped down acoustic set that you provide can really hold the "heads" attention quite yet; but at the same time, I know a lot of people there fit into the category of growing up on hip hop but have also moved onto the other more acoustic, organic-type genres as well. What type of assumptions do you hold

when you do a show at a hip hop night?

I make a lot of the assumptions you just did. Still people are receptive to an energy that resonates "freedom." This is what I try to bring. You are right about holding people's attention... this is very important. I am a critic myself, I just always take into consideration what I would think about k-os if I was in the audience... then I can never lose!

"Heaven only knows, so I'll just move the crowd." Do you remember the line with the phrase "...follow for now" in Public Enemy's "Bring the Noise"? There was even a band named after that phrase. Is your line kinda similar to that? If you can't remember the phrase, please just explain your line for us.

Just moving the crowd? Well, this means that all I can do is make the message accessible; if people decide to transform themselves or, better yet, allow themselves to be transformed, then that's up to them... all I can do is rock the mic... the rest is up to heaven!

Nigel from the Pocket Dwellers said that while it's an obvious "blessing" to be compared with the Roots, he emphasized that while the Roots are hip hop, the Pocket Dwellers are not, strictly speaking. Is k-os hip hop?

I'm not a hip hop head, I'm a whole body!

The Source Magazine just pro-

claimed Biggie Smalls to be the #1 MC of all time. Rakim, one of the contenders for the crown, said once that he felt blessed to come out when he did because, like many, he felt that that was the purest era of hip hop. Hip hop today may not be as "pure," but it's definitely more broad—and that is why BIC was proclaimed #1—because he was more broad than the rest. Would you have preferred to have come out during that "Golden Age" (I know you came out shortly after), or would the k-os of today not be possible back then?

Here's the thing. K-os is nobody and everybody at the same time. K-os is Poor Righteous Teachers. K-os is Rakim, etc. This vibe has existed forever... and even though Kevin Brereton was not exposed to the world during the so-called "golden age," there were always various rappers seeking knowledge of self! That's so much more important than if Kevin had a record deal.

You mentioned in another article that "people have an aversion to love" or music with that kind of angle and that after a turning in your career, you got over your "hippie love phase." How hard is it to remain positive and produce positive music when your initial positivity was met with negativity?

One thing I am meditating on right now is "unconditional love." *



A Vancouver expatriate temporarily making his home in Victoria to take advantage of their superior education standards, Ian Rodgers spins atmospheric and jazzstep drum and bass the first and third Thursdays of every month at Evolution as DJ Sho. I dragged him away from a mob of under-dressed teenaged hookers on one of these nights to give him my e-mail address, from which this interview blossomed.

DISORDER: You said you were originally from over here—how and why did you end up in Victoria?

DJ Sho: I came over to Victoria in September for school; I found a program that I liked here at UVic and moved out here to take it. And where in Vancouver are you from originally?

I grew up in Maple Ridge and then Vancouver for high school. After that I lived in Whistler for a couple of years, taught snowboarding for the mountain, then came back to Vancouver and that's when I started getting into the rave scene, got hooked on drum and bass and now I'm in Victoria.

What are you taking at UVic, and is that going to have any impact on your DJ career?

I'm currently enrolled in the AMIT program at UVic; it's basically an intense overview to jam as much information about computers down your throat as humanly possible in eight months. I don't see it affecting any career as a DJ for me. Basically, geeks work geek hours and DJs work DJ hours and those two rarely cross paths.

You mentioned you're also into hip hop: are jungle and hip hop still culturally connected in your mind?

I think the two tend to draw the same type of person. Both have an urban heart. You see the crossover of producers and rap artists all the time and it has been happening for ages—especially these days with Adam F's Kaos and Rawkus putting out tons of drum and bass tracks with their Rawkuts sister label. John B remixing Mos Def? Yes, I think they're still deeply connected.

What do you mean by "urban heart"?

I think they're both derived from the street, from the urban heart. When I think of music I picture the different landscapes they represent—kind of like when you hear a saxophone playing a capella you can't help but think of the streets of New York on a wet night. So when I think of D&B I picture the MCs, the B-boys, the dark hall full of kids going nuts. I mean, as far as electronic-based shows go, nothing is like a drum and bass show when it's going off. It's not a bunch of people just grooving to some four-on-the-floor beat, it's a mass of kids going loony, fists pumping in the air, screaming for the revs—I mean, that's the raw shit, that's what makes me love this so much.

You also seem to use a lot of material with jazz elements like E-Z Rollers—do you listen to jazz, and do you think jazz as a genre is attractive to a young audience, screaming Joe Jungle-kid?

You know, that's my biggest problem. I love jazz. My digital music station is on the jazz station all the time and my Coltrane CDs are worn out. But I don't think that the average Jungle Kid is coming out to hear me drop the latest Fellowship joint. So I have to say "Am I gonna play the crowd, or am I gonna play what I'm feelin' right now and hope that they're gonna feel it?" and I usually end up half way. I'll get them revved up on some Digital and then start dropping the Calibre joints and that seems to work out well. I think drum and bass has a sound for every mood and people should be more open to the stuff that isn't coming from Ram or BC or Virus. There's great plates coming from Creative Source, Defunked and Certificate 18. Fellowship is ruling my world lately.

Recently, I was interviewed for an extremely lucrative government job through the UBC Arts Co-op. Despite being blindingly charismatic, amply qualified for the position and riding a wave of unbelievable academic success (i.e., a 90% average last semester), I was rejected from the job on the basis that I was, and I quote from

actual interviewer comments forwarded to the Co-op office) "unkempt." I want you to think back to when we met briefly, in the early hours of February 22, 2002; despite being exhausted, and having already taken the dance floor by storm several times that night, I'm sure you'll agree that my appearance at that time was not a lick less than "kempt"—and this is, I assure you, entirely standard. Please feel free to express your personal disgust and dissatisfaction with the administration of the BC Film Classification Office over their extremely poor judgment. I also invite you to share a story from your own life in which you feel you have been discriminated against based on your youth and/or alleged "counterculture" associations.

Man, I hear you—I hate the BC Film Classification Office; they always watch you and then put a label on you, like: "he's dramatic" or "Parental Advisory Suggested: Ian has foul language." Anyway, you looked fine—you could barely see the chocolate stain on your Coconut Joe sweater. Anyway, it's funny that you should mention it 'cause I'm feeling it right now in my school. Usually for work I'm really clean-cut, all shaved and looking slick in my Gap sweater vests, but now that I'm in school I've let myself go a bit. I'm working on my mullet and shave maybe once a week. Well, I tell you: The Man (my teachers) had it out for me pretty much instantly—they cut me zero slack. You see, I'm the youngest person in my program (at 24 that's kind of weird) and everybody else is like 40. So when they need a little extra time to do some work it's because they're old and they don't get computers; when I ask for a little extra time it's because I'm selling crack to children and partying all night with hookers and Robert Downey Jr.—which is only half true!

Clubs in Victoria always seemed more laid-back to me than those in Vancouver. More precisely, club life in Victoria always seemed to me to be built around the noble institution of teenage sex, whereas in Vancouver it's all about violence and posturing—a scene I find myself tragically under-equipped for. Do you find this with your own experience as a club-goer or as a DJ, or am I just going to the wrong clubs?

Well, I don't think there's enough teenage sex going on in Victoria clubs, but I'm not really a club-goer per se—I'm not sure what really resides outside of the drum and bass club nights. I'm in the same boat as you—not really built for the club scenes. I have no pick-up lines, white jeans or a good right hook so I tend to stay away from your average club night. You'll see me at a drum and bass night or a special event like the Living Legends show the other week. PS: If anyone involved with Spectrum Entertainment reads this: Bring Slug Out!!!!

I was basing my analysis on an actual incident that took place at an Evolution D&B night sometime last year, in which myself and the other occupants of the men's washroom were locked out of the only stall by some party kids who were evidently having some very unholy fun—and, judging by her voice, there's no way that girl should have been in the club (let alone in the stall in the men's room). Evolution's still a damn good venue, though—despite lax washroom supervision—and is doing great things for D&B Vic City. What about your scene—what's else been up to? Well, I'm just on the sideline of all their projects right now due to my location, unfortunately. But they're really dedicated to keeping drum and bass strong in Vancouver. It's basically a bunch of buddies of mine that I grew up with. Me and Fatal got into D&B together back in the day. They're pretty new at this promotions gig but they're doing a wicked job with it. They brought out Freq Nasty last week and they're lining up a ton of other shows for the summer. We have some parties we're putting together as well. Basically we think you have to make your own fun. We want to put on nights that we want to go to. There's a couple of good D&B nights in Vancouver now, but one day I hope I can pick any night of the week

and go listen to D&B.

Do you even know what "Sho" means? If so, you may take Japanese at UVic—do you know Riddington-sensei?

Hmm, I'm a little embarrassed about this question: I have no idea what Sho means. It just kind of reflects my obsession with Japanese culture after spending a month and a half there; it was my first and only culture shock. So I thought of the *Shogun* mini-series, which, as we all know, is the story of an English ship navigator who gets stranded in Japan and becomes the first Shogun. I guess I kind of felt like him sans the "me becoming a samurai"—but I plan to do that on my next visit. In unrelated news, apparently they have a university course in Japan that will make you a ninja.

That's pretty cool. You can take kendo (sword-fighting) classes at UVic through the Kendo club—might be a good place to start out if you're interested in becoming a career samurai. Plus there's a ninja dojo off Fort Street. It looks like a garage. Ha ha, that's funny you should mention that club—I contacted them a month ago and am gonna hit it as soon as my ankle is 100% again (frisbee golf accident).

Actually, "sho" means "first" or "main," but it's only meaningful as a prefix connected to a longer word. Suppose diplomatic relations between Japan and Canada were, God forbid, to become tense. Would you consider changing your name to the more syntactically accurate "DJ Ichiban" ("number one") as a show of cultural sensitivity?

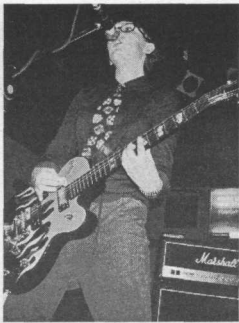
It means DJ #1, eh? That's a little self-indulgent, now isn't it? Well, I'll just stick to my story that I don't know what it means. If my country wanted me to do that—if they felt that, somehow, this drum and bass DJ from Vancouver could change the course of the world simply by changing his name to something he can't pronounce, then YES (salutes), I would do it, even though it reminds me of an unhealthy noodle snack.

While we're on the subject, what's the D&B scene like in Japan? I was 18 when I was in Japan and wasn't into D&B at the time. One of my favourite producers—Makoto—is Japanese, however. So I guess there is one, but I've never heard anything else about it.

You throw the best D&B producer in the world and the worst D&B producer in the world into Thetis Lake, telling them that they can only leave the grounds of the park when one of them brings the head of the other out in a shopping bag (which you supply). How does the best producer (Dominic Angas) kill the worst producer (LTJ Bukem), how long does it take, and how do you dispose of Bukem's remains? Try to think of something ceremonial for the last part.

Oh, wow, man—I think we might have very different views on how we rate the production for LTJ Bukem—he's a producer that defined a genre of drum and bass. He's created a sound that has inspired some of the best producers around right now such as Big Bud and Pariah. So I'm going to replace LTJ Bukem with Brockie and I'll leave Dom where he is (even though we all know Klute is the best producer). So I drop them off at Thetis Lake with their instructions and Gap shopping bags. When it gets dark, with Brockie sleeping soundly in his DJ Sling sleeping bag that he got at the Frontline records going out of business sale, Dom instructs his Roland RS202, a prototype Synch/Android of Death named Lloyd, to decapitate Brockie with a copy of Turntable 1. Afterwards, Dom places Brockie in the coffin for Brockie's Gemini turntables and ships him to DJ Slip (Dom still hasn't been able to forgive him for the Superman track). Dom returns home and produces a track called "D.N.B." that is known in some circles to stand for Decapitate Brockie. The End. •

The bloodthirsty DJ Sho plays Element Sound Lounge with residents Marvel, Fatal, Hole Mole, B-dub and Contec on Monday, April 1—and, with a little luck, he'll be dropping some Dom & Lloyd into the mix just for me.



Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys are not a euro-disco band. They are not a country band gone wrong. They do not have an organ player and they will not restrain themselves from swearing just because your mom came to the show. They will, however, make you realize that punk still writhes in the dusty saloons of No Fun City, and it's just as fast, tight, melodic, and fun as you hoped. I joined Rob Danyluk (bass, vocals), Allan Boyle (drums, vocals), and Billy the Kid (guitar, lead vocals) in the seedy underbelly of the Pic Pub.



Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys by Dave Gaertner photos by bill danyluk

DISORDER: So where does the name come from?

Billy the Kid: Well, these guys wanted to be the Lost Boys, but I was like, "I'm a girl."

Al Deviant: So we just combined two good movies together, in a way.

I just wondered if it was two separate entities coming together.

B: Yeah, like vampires and cowboys together at last.

A: Like nuts 'n' gum.

I thought it might be a Peter Pan thing. Anyway, give me an idea of how the band came to be.

B: Well, I knew Al from school and Rob from his days in the Retreads and I used to play in this band called the Blue Collar Bullets. We played together for like two years, but right near the end I didn't really want to be in the band any more and the other members just weren't doing it for me. So for our last show the drummer showed up on ecstasy, and I basically said "Okay, I can't be in this band anymore," but I still had all of these shows booked. It was 12 days before this show at the Cobalt so I called Al up, and Rob had been at the Blue Collar Bullet shows saying "You need a new bass player! Let me play bass for you!" So 12 days before the show I called up Al.

A: She left a note on my door.

B: Right, so I left a note on his door saying I need a drummer and we have a show in 12 days. So we had, I think, three band practices and then we played our first show, and that was like eight months ago.

Wow! That's pretty impressive. How did that show turn out?

B: Actually, it was not that bad. Most of the set was these three chord punk-pop songs and it was basically because I was like, "Okay, I have 12 days to write a new set."

So how does the writing process work now? Do the different punk backgrounds mesh together? (McRackins, Retreads, Deviants, Blue Collar Bullets.)

A: Well, after that first show we all started writing, and the cool thing is that everyone has ideas and we all use them. And you can totally hear on our current album—coming out on Teenage Rampage—a progression, which I think is cool for a first album.

B: Yeah, we all come from a pop-punk background; I think we're just growing up a little bit now.

So what distinguishes Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys from any other punk band out there?

A: We have two "the's" in our name

B: I think you have to take your name seriously, but never yourself seriously on stage. Not to name names or anything, but a lot of people, especially here, are worried about the hairstyles at a show; it's like a fashion show. Not to be cheesy, but we're the same fuckin' people on and off the stage.

Rob Danyluk: We just don't give a shit.

B: Well, I give a shit, but some people just take it so seriously.

B: For me, basically, it's like we all go to our jobs that we don't wanna be at and we wait for the night when we're gonna play music. So we build up the energy all week until we can play a show and just love every second of it. I think that shows up, whereas some people do it

for the money—they're playing in cover bands or whatever—and some bands do it for the glory. Whereas we do it because we have to, I think.

A: It keeps me going. I don't know what I'd do if I didn't play music.

R: A lot of bands have the formula "We're hardcore," or the formula "We're emo," and I mean, we are a pop-punk band, but that doesn't stop us from fusing everything we like together.

A: As soon as you say "I want to write a Fugazi instrumental" you know, as soon as you start labelling the kind of song you're gonna write you're not doing it the right way. It should just come out, and we don't care, sometimes it comes out mellow or as a rock song, and we either keep it or we don't. So we have a pretty big plethora of songs.

[Laughing] That sounds dirty. But enough of that, what was recording with Jesse Gander at Rec-age Recorders like?

B: D.b.s. was one of the first punk bands I ever saw, so it was pretty amazing. He sang on one of the songs on the record, so to this day when I'm listening to the record I'll be like, "Wow, that's Jesse from d.b.s!"

A: I've recorded a couple times before and a lot of the time the producer or the engineer wasn't into punk rock and with Jesse he has tons of ideas and he's not afraid to be like, "Okay, I think you guys could do this..." He knows what he wants because he listens to it, and he's just the raddest guy to work with. Anyone can place a microphone, but he can make it fuckin' bleed.

So with the advent of things like Rec-age and Teenage Rampage, among other things, how do you think the Vancouver scene is shaping up?

B: Great.

Really?

B: Yep. We opened for the Hanson Brothers a while back and it was a packed house at the Cobalt. Anyone who thinks the scene is dead or there's not enough shows, they're just not getting out.

A: There needs to be more people like Ryan [Walter Wagner, Witness Protection Program and Teenage Rampage Records]. The scene still needs a lot of work, and there's always gonna be cliques and people with attitudes, and there's assholes everywhere, but I mean, it seems bands are working together a lot more.

I've heard from a few other bands that it seems more like a community now.

R: Well, it isn't so cliquey anymore: like in the last year you see the hardcore kids, you see the punk kids, and the crusty kids at the same

shows, but before you never used to see that.

A: On Saturday I went and saw Three Inches of Blood, and Streets, and another band. And you could totally pick out the crusty punks and the scener kids, and they're all squashed in the same bands. The vibe was a little weird, but there still needs to be different kinds of bands on a bill.

B: Back to that other question about how are we different—we'll accept anybody. We write any kind of song we feel like and there's all kinds of kids at our shows. There's a song on the album for everybody.

It seems like Vancouver and its suburbs are losing some important venues that once showcased local rock. How does this affect bands like yours?

A: I think it makes you work harder. It brings it back to a community where kids are putting on shows in their basements.

B: As far as losing venues, I mean, it is like we're losing places to play, but whatever doesn't break us makes us stronger. We just have to be more resourceful when we lose a venue. And as long as kids are writing music there's always going to be places that pop up.

R: Now there's a lot more kids who aren't in bands putting shows on. Whereas before, shows were always put on by the bands—not by outside people.

I'm gonna have to ask about the whole country thing. Where does that come from?

R: Billy the Kid should answer that one.

B: Country is fun. I dunno, we don't like to take ourselves too seriously and it's fun to dress up like cowboys.

A: And people wouldn't get it if we were called Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys and we were euro-disco or something.

B: We really want to bring back cowboy hats, that's what it all comes down to.

So what can we expect from the record? Any surprises?

A: It's a pretty straight-up punk record, with amazing production care of Jesse. The drum sound will rip you a new asshole.

Name a band that you like that nobody has ever heard of.

B: That's hard! Uhuh... The Blackjacks.

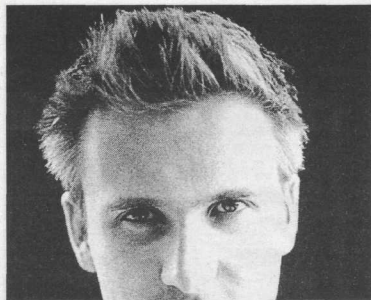
A: The Hangmen.

R: The Witchdoctors.

Well I don't have any more questions. What else do you guys want to say about this band?

R: Come see us live!

A: Visit Teenage Rampage Records or the blood will flow. •



lee henderson



DISORDER: My editor told me that you were once involved with this magazine and had your own show on CITE. What did you write about? What was your show called and what was its focus?

Lee Henderson: Yes, I used to write music reviews for *Disorder*. I think I wrote a review of Boredoms album *Super Roots 6*, and a couple others. I had a radio show for about six years on CITE every second Tuesday night. I played a lot of different types of music, whatever was turning my crank at the time. Then, because of a minor indiscretion (I missed a couple shows and forgot to get a fill-in), I was fired. I was fired from a volunteer position!

I read in your bio that you once did a video for Sonic Youth. What song? How did you land that gig?

Yes, I drew the animation for a Sonic Youth video, the song "Tunic" off their album *Goo*. The video was directed by the New York video artist Tony Oursler, who spliced my animation with strange shots of the band. They were all really pleasant people. Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon liked to read the *National Enquirer*. I had no idea who they were at the time—even though I was in to punk rock—because I lived in Saskatoon. We listened to a lot of Misfits and Dead Kennedys and NoMeansNo, but no one told us about Sonic Youth. Then we got into Sonic Youth later.

When did you decide to abandon drawing for writing?

I didn't abandon drawing. I just hit the ceiling early. After about the age of 15 I realized I wasn't going to get any better at it. I'm basically just a doodler. I love to read and I love visual art, and writing excites me. But I will always draw, because there's something in words and sentences that can't ever replace what you can do with a little picture.

You've lived in a number of places in Canada. How does that inform your writing?

I would like to think I am a Cosmopolitan, but I am just a Western Canadian boy. My whole life I have lived only in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and now British Columbia, and each of those places has been a source of anxiety and terror and disgust, and general wonderment.

What is your writing process like?

It is tremendously mundane. I wake up and drink some tea and eat some Mini-Wheats and shove a banana with my rabbit Quimby. Then I spend some time looking at the internet, reading the news, and becoming upset with America's shit-brained President, and our own meek, bitter, foul Prime Minister, and try to find some funny stuff as well, and then I put on a CD and sit in front of my computer until my fingers start moving. Writing all day is a cold business. The blood is cut off to the feet and you need to swaddle yourself like an invalid, and your back muscles start to hurt. Generally, I listen to electronic music while I write, these days the new Boards of Canada. But I'm getting into Clinic and The Dismenbement Plan, so maybe I'm starting to accept rock music in to my diet again.

Why do you choose not to use quotations marks to designate speech?

Lee Henderson's first collection of short stories is called The Broken Record Technique. If you're in a bookstore, you may come across it: a beige book with a picture of a woman in a blue dress holding a metal contraption over her head, wrestling-style, chasing after little green creatures. Some of the creatures look like teddy bears. Some don't have ears. One has a tank, and other has a jack-o-lantern for a head. Henderson's characters are like that: they are all different, and all slightly strange. There's a boy with a football shaped head, a girl with the ability to recant conversations word for word, a man trying to run a marathon on all the treadmills one fitness club has to offer across Vancouver, a little boy in a suno-suit, and a talking toy marmot who is the only witness to a kidnapping. Though there is a sense of unity in the collection, there isn't a feeling of repetition in the characters or plots.

Born in Saskatchewan and raised there and in Edmonton, Henderson chose to do his BFA and MFA in Creative Writing at UBC because, he says "I wanted to avoid academic learning." After reading his stories, I'm glad that he decided to be a writer, rather than a philosopher, astronomer, or chemist.

By Doretta Lau

They look like accessories, like earrings. It's an entirely visual thing. I hate the look of a cluttered page. I also hate question marks, but I know most people think they are a good idea.

What are you reading at the moment?

David Foster Wallace is great. I have finished two books by Richard Yates, and I think he must be a kind of god. I occasionally look at my book of art and writings by Henry Darger. I loved local writer Annabel Lyon's book *Oxygen*.

What does Yates write?

Yates wrote a novel called *Revolutionary Road*, that is just hugely impressive. He was Raymond Carver's teacher, and I get way more mileage out of Yates than I do Carver.

Do you have any magazine or tabloid fixations?

I try and stay current with what the Bush twins are up to: www.the-firsttwins.com.

What are you listening to?

Clinic's new album *Walking With Thee* is blowing my mind. I listen to it all day long. I love Boredoms, and Autechre. I think my two favorite albums from last year were Squarepusher's *Go Plastic* and Four Tet's album *Pause*. I buy a lot of music and I steal a lot of music off the internet. I liked Vincent Gallo's album a lot, and I liked Fugazi's newest album more than their last few. When Astralwerks re-released all those Neu! albums I went through a phase of listening to them and my mind was thoroughly bogged. I'd never heard them before. Suddenly I thought I understood the change in style that Boredoms had initiated after *Chocolate Synthesizer*, and what might have inspired that, and I heard a lot of Tortoise in those albums, and etc. It seemed like a lot of modern music was wrapped up in those rare albums by a couple of Germans. Speaking of Germans, I like Alva Noto, and some of that clicks & cuts stuff. But, you know, I love Bruce Springsteen and I love Slayer. Having a radio show for so long really opened me up to just about everything.

How did you come by the quote at the beginning of your book that lends the book its title?

It was from a book that a very nice doctor gave me, to help me with some problems to do with anxiety that I have.

For some reason, I thought that book was published in the '50s or something. Did it help?

Time will tell.

On your story "Mirage/Fata Morgana," where the protagonist is a pop star: did you know that Mariah Carey's nickname in high school was Mirage? (I learned this from *Pop-Up Video*.)

I didn't know that, but that's very fortunate for me. Mariah Carey is an incredible singer, just like the retarded pop singer in my story. I have a lot of sympathy for Mariah Carey, she is obviously under a lot of pressure to please billions of people, which is impossible to succeed at doing, so it's natural that she's having some troubles. That story is about loneliness and how, at a certain crucial place in loneliness, you can become your own ghost. I think pop stars are pretty much ghosts of themselves, and it's amazing to watch them, looking so desperate to find their bodies again. That's also what it's

like to break up with someone you love, and suddenly a huge part of yourself just seems to vanish, like a mirage.

Did you choose the artist whose drawings adorn the cover of your book and accompany each story?

Yes I did. I suggested Marcel Dzama to my editor at Penguin. From the very beginning I imagined that Dzama would be perfect for the cover, and that he would draw pictures for each story, as well as his own version of the Penguin logo, and that's exactly what happened! It all came true. I couldn't be happier. Even if everyone else hates the cover, I really cry when I look at it, because it turned out so wonderfully. Marcel Dzama is a fucking incredible artist, I'm tremendously proud to have his drawings in the book.

How did you come across Dzama's work?

I had been following The Royal Art Lodge for some time. Then Dzama got a gig with *Saturday Night* when Conrad Black bought it for the *National Post* and every week I got to look at his drawings and I loved them. Marcel Dzama is Canada's pre-imminent illustrator. Unfortunately a Canadian company bought out Black and turned the *National Post* into a graveyard, and for that, I say to whoever makes the big decisions at the *National Post*, "Fuck you."

Do you watch TV? If so, what is the worst show that you like?

I watch TV. For a while I used to love watching *Rendez-Vue*. The later the hour, the better the TV. The show that comes on at 12:30am, after *Rendez-Vue* but on a different channel, *Crossing Over*, also blows my mind. I think people probably think it is bad for me to watch wrestling, but I don't think it's bad, if it's muted. It's too loud and I don't really care who I'm watching. But muted wrestling is fantastic, very inspiring.

When you say wrestling is inspiring, what do you mean? Does it relate to your story "Spines a Length of Velcro," where two boys in sumo suits fight each other for the entertainment of their relatives?

It relates to that story, yes, and to highlights from the "Young Boy Vs. The Ram," and to so many other things. Everyone knows professional wrestling is fake, but what people don't seem to know is that it is, in fact, REAL. Those guys are working hard up there. You can't "fake" a ten-foot fall on to a concrete floor. You have to know how to do it right so you don't die. That's fantastic.

Kevin Chong [author of the novel *Baroque*-a-nova] told me to ask you about Kenny G. What's the story there?

Ha ha. I am related to him. He is something like my third cousin. We've never met. But really, a Jewish sax player? No one has proven it can be done yet. •

If your computer doesn't suck as much as mine does, check out www.leehenderson.com.

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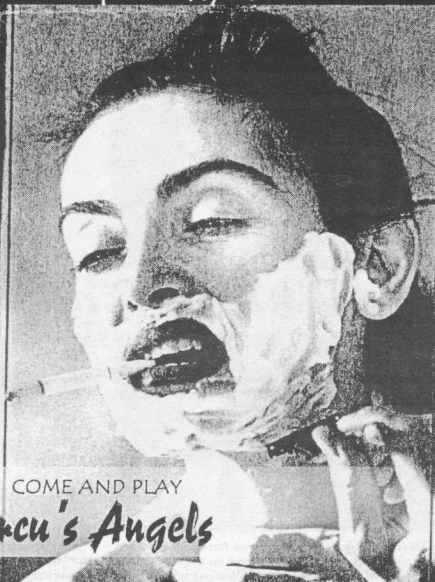
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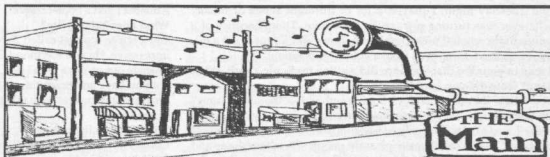


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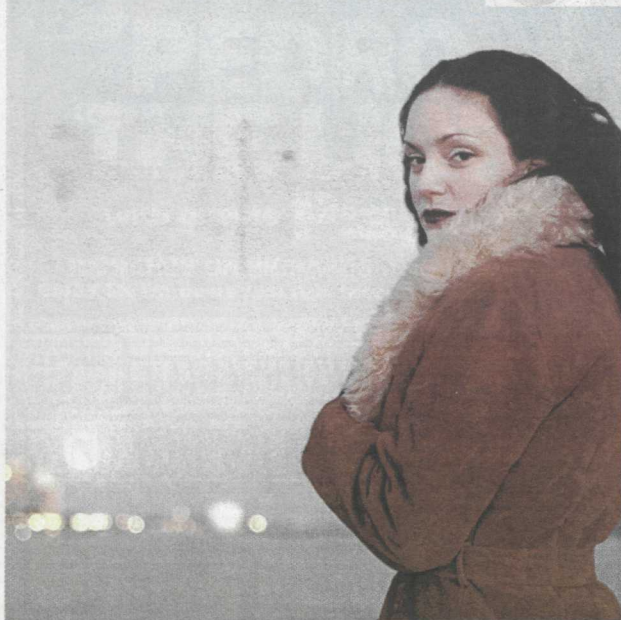


Photo: Leslie Lyons

By Christa Min

Someone once told me that when they think of me, my mouth is always open, that I am always laughing, yelling, or generally being loud and annoying. I think I'm shy and quiet. No one agrees. When I got a copy of Nina Nastasia's album, The Blackened Air, I listened to it nine times in a row. Maybe ten. The whole time when I was listening to it, I didn't laugh once. I swear. But it's not because I didn't enjoy it. It was as if I was eating a chocolate cake (dark, rich, and bittersweet), my mouth was full, and I couldn't laugh because it was so good. This is how it is: she doesn't need so much. She has perfect pitch. She is clear. She's always there. She's not full of it. This is an email interview.

DISORDER: Warm-up question: What did you do today?

Nina Nastasia: I woke up around 12:30pm. Drank coffee for a couple of hours. Went into the bathroom to practice my guitar. Made something to eat around 3:00. Went outside for five minutes—I was going to go to the store then I decided against it. I went back home and straightened the apartment—which is novel. Then at around 4:00pm a friend, Philip, came over to play some music and have a drink before his show—he left the apartment at 7:00pm. This leaves me on the couch talking to you.

My friend Randal likes to call you Nana Mouskouri. I think it's because he doesn't know how to pronounce your name. It's funny because I remember Nana Mouskouri and Simon and Garfunkel being my first favourite singers when I was young. Tell me about when you were 13. Where did you live? Where did music fit in your family? Who did you listen to?

First of all, I have a terrible memory—13, 15, 12, 11—it's very hard for me to remember one year's events in particular. I can tell you where I lived. I grew up in Hollywood, California, in a house, 1946 North Vine Street, right above the Hollywood Freeway and across from the Vedanta Society Monastery.

My grandfather was a composer. I never knew him or his work, but my mother inherited his piano, which I played on growing up, and my aunt sang in clubs in Salt Lake City and Las Vegas. As far as I know, those were the only two other people in the family who had a strong interest in music. I used to sing with my aunt whenever we were at my grandmother's house because she had a grand piano we could play and a bench filled with sheet music of show tunes.

A few of the records I remember my parents had were by Judy Collins, The Beatles, Edith Piaf, Billy Holiday, a lot of classical music, Frank Sinatra. There was probably more obscure stuff, but I wasn't a real music buff. I gravitated towards The Beatles and classical music mainly, partially having to do with my piano lessons. I don't remember my parents listening to the radio much, so I never bothered with that until I realized how out of it I was. I had a crush on a kid at my school, Bobby Bowman. He was excellent in math and baseball, and he loved KISS. I had nothing in common with him, and I felt com-



Photos: Evans Ward

pletely ridiculous that I hadn't ever heard of KISS. I started listening to KROQ, but I continued to play my parents' records, so that's my education.

On the Southern website the genre of your music is listed as "Americana." What does that mean? I don't know what that is. "Americana," I noticed that you have a different drummer and viola player on the new album. Do you have a "band" or are they just "session" musicians? How did you come to play with them?

Some list. What a talent show that would be. Why bands like Rapeman, Slint, The Jesus Lizard, etc., don't fit into that category, well, my guess is that "Americana" is a kind of euphemism like "alt-country." I really don't understand what it means. Maybe it intends to mean very little, so people don't think they've heard anything like it, or maybe it preys on the assumption, "Hell, if it's American, it must be good." Or it means, "Music for Americans, like American mustard and American beer, tailor-made for the uniquely modern American sensibility."

The songs on *Dogs* were written between 1993 and 1999. It took six years for your first album to come out. The *Blackened Air* was recorded less than two years later. Why did *Dogs* take so long, or why did *The Blackened Air* take so short?

I didn't start writing songs until 1993. It took a few years after that to develop a band and start performing regularly, so what does look like six years is more like two by the time I was ready to record. If we had unlimited funds, I'm pretty sure I could turn out another three this year. Lack of money is always the thing that slows us down. It rains a lot in Vancouver. Sometimes the air is yellow above the city, but the rain dilutes it. Here, it smells like water. Since *The Blackened Air* was recorded in February, 2001, the lyrics to "Run, All You..." were written long before September. It's a strange coincidence. It's hard to think of the title of your album without considering where you live. When did you decide on the album title? How is living in New York different for you now?

Decided on the title in June 2001.

The routine changes and becomes the new routine, so it feels normal here. I'm unemployed. Otherwise, I don't know. There's a given uneasiness that people here have when a bunch of fire trucks go by.

The new album seems a bit darker, more personal than the last album. In the liner notes there are two gigantic roman numerals. Is the album meant to have two distinct parts? OBVIOUSLY, this is a concept album. No, seriously, is there something thematic about the album?

The record is divided into two parts, as is necessary for the vinyl copies. Since it's a pain to go and flip a record over, it becomes a significant moment to do so, so it's nice to have a sequence that doesn't feel interrupted when side one is over.

Who is Kennan Gudjonsson?

He handles the administrative duties of the band, like correspondence (because I am generally shy) and money (the burning of it), and he is the president of Socialist Records; however, he also has a strong influence over the musical arrangements with the band, occasionally playing, generally sitting back and asking other people not to play. He doesn't like to take credit as a producer, but Kennan has a great deal to do with what you ultimately hear. He is the person who curates some of my more entertaining shows, as well. Kennan's a funny guy, by the way. Have you noticed?

The musicians on your albums are obviously very talented. Some of them have played with the following bands: The Wallflowers, Natalie Merchant, Duncan Sheik, Laurie Anderson, Paula Cole, Burning Spear, Kelly Joe Phelps, Suzanne Vega, Cyndi Lauper, and John Zorn. I noticed that you have a different drummer and viola player on the new album. Do you have a "band" or are they just "session" musicians? How did you come to play with them?

Some list. What a talent show that would be.

I would say yes, I have a band, but at the same time, everyone in the band has other projects. We have been playing together for a while now, and we are all good friends at this point, so when Gonzalo, the saw player, joined the circus it was heartbreaking for all of us. We miss him and still try to book shows with him whenever he's available, but his schedule is tight being a clown in the Cirque du Soleil. Beyond Gonzalo, the conflicts are usually temporary, having to do with a musician needing to take a high-paying gig to cover his rent, or one of them having to go direct a play, do a comedy show, make a court date. Only occasionally has a musician gone off to do something for so long that we don't expect to see them any time soon. Will you be comfortable when Celine Dion asks you to open for her show in Las Vegas and when Stephen Malkmus asks you to make a duet album with him? Do you want to make a living with your music?

I think I understand the questions. I wouldn't want to open for Celine Dion, I don't know what Stephen Malkmus' music is like, and I like making my money from my records and performances. I mostly just like to do my own thing.

I don't know what it's like in New York, but in Vancouver there's *Didgeridoo Mania!* What other projects have you worked on besides your own albums?

Not really any serious work. When I first started singing, a few friends would ask me to do some la las [sic] on their records, and I said sure. I was very excited to sing, but my significance in those projects would be relative to a choir member's. It would be fun (though probably embarrassing) to hear some of that stuff now.

I was considering going to All Tomorrow's Parties in Camber Sands, but when I think of it I imagine myself passing out when I'd have to decide whether to see Shellac on one stage or Silksworm on the other. I'd come to when people were stepping on me running in one direction to see you play and in the other direction to see Zeni Geva, and I'd just pass out again. Have you played outside of America before? Is there anyone in the ATP line-up that you're really excited to see?

The largest crowd I've serenaded abroad would be Kennan's relatives in Iceland.

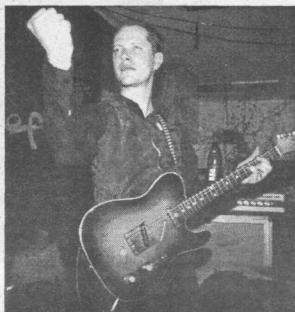
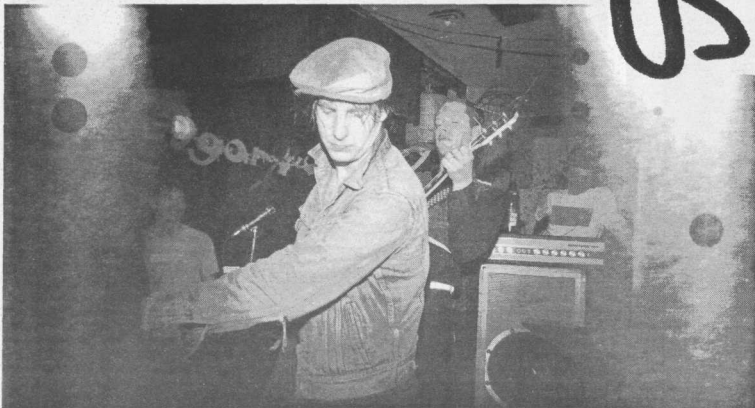
I imagine myself running around like you. Since I have seen virtually none of these bands live, I have a generally strong curiosity about them all. But The Ex is a band I really enjoy and have never seen live, so let's say The Ex.

That's it. I hope my hilarious jokes come through on the computer. I apologize for questions #5 and #6. I don't like them, but I guess I had to ask.

I laughed at #s 3, 7, and 11 most. I like answering your questions. I hope I come through as genuine as you do. •

By Brace Paine
Photos By Lori

US MAPLE



It was August 27, 1997, and I was attending my friend Laura's birthday party when I overheard two weird girls, both clad in white from head to toe, discussing a band that was supposedly punker than The Germs and would singlehandedly reinvent rock and roll music forever. The girls kept describing the men in this band as incredibly creepy and eccentric to the maximum. I had to find out who this band was.

As I continued to eavesdrop on their conversation, I finally came to learn that this mysterious band was called "US Maple."

The day after the party I took a bus to the first record store I could find and bought the US Maple LP *Sang Phat Editor*. I stared at the cover the whole bus ride home and got increasingly creeped out by this band. The cover of the record was nuclear camouflage, and it didn't say US Maple on it anywhere. There was also a picture of them at the bottom and they looked like they could all be my father. All very hairy and looking as though they had just returned from a two week hunting trip.

When I made it home and actually got to hear this record I continued to listen to US Maple everyday for another month or two until the record had almost literally worn out.

After seeing US Maple play I realized that their sound can only be compared to the feeling you get when a parent barges into your room amidst a very romantic encounter with your loved one. US Maple have no respect for privacy.

It is time that I, Brace Paine, must now proclaim that all you Vancouverites must now cast your Snugglers compact discs into the ocean, gain 22 pounds, grow a beard, play your guitar any outta tune, and go buy the new US Maple LP *Acre Thrills* right now.

DISORDER: Please state your name and instrument.
AJ Johnson: I'm AJ Johnson and I'm the singer for US Maple.
Mark Shippy: I'm Mark Shippy and I'm one of the guitarists for US Maple.

Jeremy Lemos: I am the soundman for US Maple.
So the new record *Acre Thrills*, who recorded that?

A: We recorded this record with Brian Paulson. Brian's been around for a long time, and on an independent level, is best known for recording the Slint *Spiderland* LP, which is a really good-sounding record. He also records really popular rap bands. He works on both sides of the fence.

How long did this recording process take exactly?

A: We were recording the music for nine days and mixing for four days. How did the selection process for choosing the songs that were to appear on the LP go? Do you throw away a lot of stuff?

A: Oh yeah, we throw away about 90% of our songs. We will literally work on a song for months and then just decide we aren't happy with it, and we'll just throw it away.

M: We all have to be 100% content with the song in order to release it and/or play it live.

What's the songwriting process like for US Maple?

A: There's no real set formula—sometimes Mark will generate something or whatever. It's different every time. There's no real set formula.

So I'm sure that some people that come to your shows or hear your records have no idea what's going on and probably leave totally confused and distraught. Does that seem to happen a lot?

A: Oh yeah, for the first three years every show was like that. People just didn't know what to think.

Yeah, you guys toured with Pavement. I'm sure lots of boring indie rockers were totally scared by what you were doing. What you're doing is very insular in ways. I'm sure some people thought you were doing total improv.

A: Definitely, while we were playing with Pavement we were playing for 5000 people—that's 5000 middle fingers all pointed straight at us. By that time though, we were accustomed to people staring at us, so Pavement fans were more puppy dogs for US Maple.

Yeah, the first time I saw you play I was reminded of the time I saw Metallica on MTV when I was seven years old. It was just the weirdest, creepiest shit ever. US Maple seems to be presenting rock and roll in its true state—totally creepy and weird, as opposed to just being every other band and just standing on stage looking bored holding guitars.

A: Yeah, when I used to go see Iron Maiden it scared the shit out of me. They were telling a scary story and I didn't know what was gonna happen next. I think that's really absent from the current music scene. It's gotten much too boring.

M: I'm glad you get that impression from us. I don't think most people have such an extensive musical background as you.

What is the history of US Maple and is it true that Mike Tyson was once in the band?

A: Me and Mark were in a band called Shorty for a few years. We released some LPs and 7"s and toured Europe a few times. After that

petered out I decided I wanted to start a new project and so I kept Mark and asked Todd [Rittman] to play. I saw him play with another band and he was a great guitarist.

Was that with his other band Robert Johnson and the Browns?

A: No, that band came after US Maple. I'm not sure the name of the band at the time. So we grabbed the drummer from the Laughing Hyenas, Jim Campbell, and he eventually quit for other projects and then we moved on to Pat and he quit about two months ago. Our current drummer is Adam [Vida], and he's great. He's young with no ego. Also Mike Tyson was in the band for a while, but left to pursue a career in boxing.

So what's with the first LP? Wasn't the cover all steel or something?

A: Yeah, we made 1000 of those at a steel factory all by ourselves. That took a long time. All hand polished by us.

Yeah, I gotta get that record.

A: I could give you one. I have four.

So I love the cover for the *Sang Phat Editor* LP. How did you come up with that?

A: Azita from the Scissor Girls helped me out with that. Yeah, I love the Scissor Girls!! She's also in that band *Bride of No No*. Azita is a great artist. Her *Music For Scattered Brains* LP is rad.

J: Yeah, I recorded that record.

That record sounds super good.

J: Thanks.

A: Yeah, Azita helped me finish the art for the *Sang Phat Editor* record.

That cover is funny because it reminds me of this total dickhead at my school because he used to have a shirt that was all nuclear camouflage. He used to slap me and my friends in the back of the head during pep rallies.

M: What an asshole. Sounds like a guy that would wear a nuclear camo shirt.

So any weird stuff ever go down at a US Maple show?

A: Yeah, once at a show in Cleveland four dogs ran up on stage and just sat there and stared at the crowd. It was really odd and seemed very staged but it totally happened by chance.

What were four dogs doing at your show? Weird.

A: I'm not sure what they were doing there actually.

Who came up with the name US Maple?

A: A mutual friend of ours. I actually am not pleased with that name. Really. What would you change it to?

A: You Fantastic.

But that's already a band.

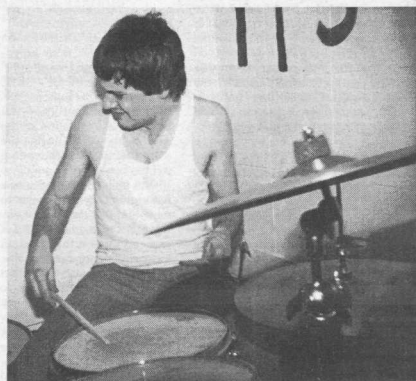
A: Yeah, but I thought it up, and now they are broken up. So you just gave them that name?

A: Well, I sold it for \$8.

What do you do in Chicago when you're not practicing or playing shows.

M: I work at a group home for mentally disabled adults, plus I do illustration work.

A: I was a pawnbroker for awhile, and our drummer teaches drum lessons, and Todd is a painter and she's a teacher.



How has the tour been lately? How did you like Vancouver?

A: Tour's been good so far. We have a sound guy with us, so that makes for better atmosphere. There have been some coffee house shows that were not really appropriate for the band. Vancouver was fun, too. Canadians always seem to dig US Maple. Sonic Youth are also big fans of our band, so we got invited to play that festival [All Tomorrow's Parties]. It went over really well.

Yeah, I really wanted to go to that. Some really amazing bands are playing those shows. I really wanted to see Cecil Taylor, Dead C, Television, and all that.

A: I didn't get to see much stuff. We weren't there for too long actually.

What have you been listening to on tour?

A: Lots of ZZ Top, The Fall's *Unutterable*.

I love that Fall record. It's one of the their best, especially for being so new.

A: Yeah, they are a great band. They haven't done anything that good in a long time.

What bands do you guys play with in Chicago? Are there any new bands you excited about?

A: Not really. US Maple has always been an isolated band. As for new bands, I'm excited to hear Darren Grey's new band.

Darren Grey from the Dazzling Killmen?

A: Yeah, he's a phenomenal musician. I trust all the things he does to be good. I think his new band is called Grand Uldena.

M: I like Cheer-Accident a lot too.

What prompted the move from Skin Craft records to Drag City records?

A: Well, Skin Craft is just bad business.

Yeah, they seem to be going downhill. I do like the new Arab on Radar record a lot.

A: Yeah. We were just touring a lot at the time and trying to get records from the label and calling them, and no one was getting back to us. That's just bad business. Drag City is much better for us. We're in a better place now with Drag City.

Al, tell us about your acting career. You had a small talking line in the movie *High Fidelity*.

A: Yeah, I got \$1000 dollars for one day. It was really nice.

In the movie you walk into the record store and you ask for the Captain Beefheart *Safe as Milk* LP. Did you specifically choose that record?

A: No, that was already set up actually. I also play the devil in an internet soap opera called *Milwaukee*.

You play the devil? That's hilarious.

A: Yeah, the devil's name is Jill.

That sounds crazy. Is it like that soap opera *Passions* or something?

A: Yeah, it's a lot like *Passions*, actually. You can view it at zerotv.com.

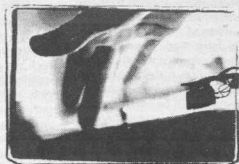
At this point the battery from the tape player falls out and lands in Mark's blueberry pancakes and the tape player dies. We continue to eat our pancakes, bid farewell, and plan to meet up in Chicago and go record shopping at a later date. •

Underneath the cultural signifiers of turntablism is the underlying question surrounding the very existence of the DJ school: why are people paying to learn a skill that has never been taught up to this point? The majority of today's DJs are self-taught or learnt from a mentor. DJ Leanne, director of The Rhythm Institute, situated in Boomtown records in Vancouver, recognizes this and attributes the need for a DJ school to a breaking-down of the previous DJ culture that provided mentors. Although I can understand her answer, I find it hard to believe. Locally, organizations such as wickedhouseparty.com and blackholeclub.com have created organized gatherings for DJs and musicians to meet each other and learn in a supportive environment. Personally, as a self-taught DJ, I know it is still possible to pick up decks and figure it all out. DJ culture is alive and well—obviously well enough to sell it. The question is, if you are going to pay to learn from a teacher, what are you learning and is it worth the money?

The art and the craft of Turntablism: Part II

Continued from the March issue of Disorder...

By Tobias V



Photos Jane Weitzel

Technically, the students are taught the very basics—from how to put a record on the deck, to how a mixer works—and then get on with learning to cue and beatmatch the record, eventually moving on to EQing and programming. The style of beatmatching is purely mathematical. Building upon the basis that most dance records are in 4/4 time, TRI teaches students to bring the record in on the 16th or 32nd bar. Such a mix creates a numerical purity to the mix, a very precise style that results in a strictly conventional and safe mix. On the one hand, it is a basic mix; on the other hand, it is the dominant style of complacent mixing that leaves most Vancouver DJs lacking in creative versatility. And is it really the "basics"? Is teaching numbers a good way to teach music? In a way, the mathematical style can be seen as a simplified DJ equivalent to the Royal Conservatory style for violin and piano, as opposed to the Suzuki method, which requires learning by ear, and not by sight or counting. Traditionally, DJs have learnt by the "Suzuki" method—as well as the "Let's Try This and See What Happens" method that brought about the art in the first place. Considering the experimental background of the art, and the general realization that there is no proper way to DJ, is math a good idea? Leanne tells me that most records change every 16 bars—a break down, a new kick or high hat, a riff comes in or out, etc. But this is really only true for certain, perhaps basic, genres of house, techno, trance, and their offshoots. As a teaching tool, it teaches students to look for these conventions in their records, and the 16 bar tactic is a pop-music convention that some producers use and others don't. The result is that TRI teaches house music with records that follow this pattern, thereby limiting the student's exposure to different styles of music which don't strictly follow this convention, such as repetitive, looping house or techno, cut-up, Montreal glitch styles of minimal house, much of Detroit techno and house, German minimal funk, a good chunk of electro, etc. Are DJ schools really teaching the "basics," or are those "basics" already tailored toward a particular style and genre of music—i.e., the acceptable house norm in Vancouver? There may not be a way around this, given the cyclical nature of the beast; but perhaps it is the responsibility of the teacher to provide as much information about differing musical points of view as possible, to expose the student to different platforms of basic mixing.

Mind/Body, Wax/Needle

The DJ school is a concentration of both the knowledge gained so far in this young history—including the knowledge of insurrectionary potential—and of that history's desire to sell itself out, which can be seen as a classic example of commodified cultural appropriation: black music, taken out of context by white people, is bought and sold as a commercial skill to the dominant class, thereby once again excluding its cultural origins through a class-based (i.e., financially based) user-pay system. The music is an industry, not a cultural responsibility. On the other hand, the music has transcended racial boundaries from its inception; and the school can be seen as a positive development in increasing the art's potential: as an aesthetic, as a form of rebellion, as a community. The DJ school gives the opportunity to those interested in DJing to try it out without having to invest several thousand dollars in equipment, and in this sense it acts somewhat as a way to optimize involvement across class barriers. (However, it still requires payment for the lessons—money that could be put toward equipment.) It is also an opportunity for the teachers to discover new methodologies, techniques, and strategies of DJing through the act of teaching. By gathering students and teachers together, the DJ school contributes toward creating a community of sorts, albeit one mediated by money; or at least trying to recreate what is now a somewhat dead community through commercial means; and, like the DJ record store, provides a focal point for the wider music community. The school is overall a positive development as it at least teaches solid beatmatching techniques before turning students loose. But loose to what? The expectations are still there that all one needs to have are some good records and some beatmatching skills to land a clubnight or play a party. Until this changes, DJing will forever be constrained as a commercial craft.

We are founding a new history of a radically new instrument, a sonic system that significantly redefines the relation between human and machine. We are doing this in and through the production of an art that has the power to aurally control, destabilize, inspire, and explosively revolt a mass of people through a sonic pastiche of cultural memories, meanings, energies, and directions that rewrite the future past. And what we need now are visionaries. We need the Mozarts and the Glenn Goulds, the Brian Enos of the world, who will take the math of DJing and expose its soul through the dissonance of breaking the strictest conventions: and we need bold teachers to expand this knowledge through an exploration of the turntable instrument with their students. •

radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

PRESS FREE RADIO

Zine accumulation has dwindled significantly, but unluckily there are peripherally related concerns that should be addressed, especially concerning free speech.

I can think of at least a dozen online zines that take advantage of streaming audio as a sideline to the articles, reviews, rants, and whatnot that usually appear on their websites. In fact there are undoubtedly hundreds of zinesters and thousands of radio enthusiasts who are broadcasting on one of many internet radio servers: Live 365, Shoutcast, Launch, and Spinner being a few. Already very lucrative companies are set to profit, again, from muscling in on these servers and attempting to charge ridiculous royalty charges.

"Broadcasters currently pay in excess of \$300 million annually in music licensing fees to compensate songwriters and music publishers," says Edward O. Fritts, president and CEO of the National Association of Broadcasters. "Any additional fee to compensate record com-

panies would be unfair and unreasonable." ASCAP, BMI, and SESAC, the organizations that license and charge radio stations to play and promote the recording industry's music over the airwaves have determined that they wish to extract additional fees from broadcast-

I, for one, listen to countless college radio stations around the globe as well as offering two of my own web-cast stations through Live 365 as an extension of *Spock* fanzine. If this piece-of-shit money grab goes through, everything will be down the drain. Live 365

WILL THESE CHANGES AFFECT COMMERCIAL, COMMUNITY, AND COLLEGE RADIO STATIONS AS WELL? THE ANSWER IS YES.

ers for streaming that same music online. These fees have not been determined yet, but many observers have predicted that they will be retroactive for several years, and may be so exorbitant as to end streaming radio once and for all.

As one angry broadcaster declared, "Pretty soon the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) will start arresting people for humming or whistling a song without paying royalties. Or they'll be raiding people's houses looking for CDs that were purchased in used music shops or from online auctions."

says, "Curiously, the per-performance rate set by the CARP (Copyright Arbitration Royalty Panel), when applied to many webcasters, far exceeds the rate it deemed higher than that which the market would bear." On-air commercial broadcasters will continue their slow but headlong dive into shitland and diversity will be set back even more in an increasingly homogenized planet. Maybe you think I'm being overly dramatic. I don't know. I'm just passionate about freedom of speech and public access. In fact, hundreds of stations have already gone down due to the threat of these

potentially exorbitant fees.

Here's a direct quote from the ABC news: "On Aug. 1, District Court Judge Berle M. Schiller in Philadelphia upheld a decision made last December by the US Copyright Office which determined that radio stations must pay royalties to record companies on music played over the Web. The double whammy of the Copyright Office's decision and last week's ruling has broadcasters steamed."

Will these changes affect commercial, community, and college radio stations as well? The answer is YES.

National Association of Broadcasters' position is that since radio stations don't pay record companies fees for songs they broadcast over the air, they shouldn't for songs played on Webcasts, either.

So what does this have to do with Canada? Silly thing, haven't you noticed? The playing field has been leveled. We're all one big happy free-trading world now. Why, the Canadian Recording Industry Association (CRIA) (speaking about file trading) even quotes the beloved Recording Industry Association of America, saying "CRIA is participating in a glob-

service providers, or both, informing them of the infringing copies of sound recordings on the music files of the sites they host and the legal implications if they do not voluntarily cease and desist offering the infringing copies on these sites." And, going even further, "Our government" has not reacted fast enough to the changing environment." [Quotes from an article by Jason Scott Alexander from broadcastdialogue.com]

To be fair, the CRIC weighed in on the topic in 1999: "The Commission does not believe that regulation of the new media would further the objectives of the Broadcasting Act."

It's been obvious for quite a while that, when it comes to what is called the "public airwaves," it costs a hell of a lot of money to go on the air as an independent (or anyone else, frankly) broadcaster, and that leaves most everybody unable to start broadcasting legally on what is essentially public terrain. It's like being charged for the air you breathe. Many promises and predictions were made about the freedoms we would enjoy through internet technology, but as lots of conservative dupes like to say, "Freedom is not free." •

See www.southinternetradio.org for more info and links.

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

Gordo, The Green Zombie
"A New Error in BC" is the name of CUPE's "Strong Communities" pamphlet featuring the wickedly satirical cartoons of the *Strait*'s Dirk van Stralen. Obscenely drawing the shits of politics is a time-honored tradition, and van Stralen hones his acidic mind and sharp pen to depict Gordo as a frothing, sharp-toothed, and electrified green zombie. As the evil creation comes to light from privatized electricity, the MLAs/corporate whores grovel with enthusiasm: "He has the brain of Ralph Klein!" "The gall of a Sordet!" "The heart of Mike Harris!" "The tongue of a leech!" Zapped Zombie-Gordo has no memory of his election promises... The pamphlet lays out a double-page spread of the destruction being wreaked upon this province by the cold-hearted ineptitude and cruelty of the Liberal government, complete with boarded up social housing (New Business and Convention Centre with Casino!), a medical clinic (All Major Credit Cards Accepted!),

Treaty Referendum Headquarters (Vote Yes to Divide Your Community!), Texans shooting bears—kudos to van Stralen and CUPE for taking on the Liberal mock machine with a frontal assault.
www.cupe-bc.ca

April 1 is Doomsday: No Joke
April 1 is when this province will look back in its history of the Dark Gordo Era, and pinpoint the exact date from whence the flood of crime began, the day when welfare was cut on average by 15%, when applicants waited three weeks, when single mothers had to work once their child turned three. The result? An increase in property crime and muggings and a boom—a desperate bid, for the majority of thieves are strung out and starving—for the thriving "Bar Shopping" scene (March 24 *Courier*). Frank Gilbert of DERA: "We are already starting to see a new level of desperation on the street and if the police and merchants think they have a problem with stolen property being sold in the bars

around here—well, I hate to say it, but they ain't seen nothing yet."

Signal and Noise

The Video-In *Signal and Noise* festival of experimental audio and video (March 21-24) collected an eclectic array of work by underground/contemporary artists. Curated by Jen Weith, there were too many exhibits to mention, but certainly highlights included post-9/11 guerilla media, sissies' "Baby" installation in the bathroom, the numerous film shorts including the poignant "The Fine Arts" by Emily Vey Duke and Cooper Battersby, Susan Schuppli's "Eavesdropping" installation—comprised of alternatively arresting and banal, yet always fascinating, found-sound answering machine messages—and Luis Jacob's "Ten Attempts at running into a wall, with commentaries" (self-explanatory porno humour). But all of this is reductive and I missed a good number of films; and there is no room to mention the hundred or so audio short works picked for the listening

booths including work from Halifax's Andrew Duke and Winnipeg's Ken Gregory. So, don't miss the next thing, which is...

Link-Age: Vancouver New Music

Giorgio Magnanensi, the new Artistic Director of VNM, has positively shaken things up with events featuring the experimental electronic and turntablist underground, starting with the "Mixtophones" series at the Havana. The Vancouver New Music Festival "Link-Age" (April 19-21), embraces this spirit by combining the traditional avant garde with underground electronics through the unlikely—yet pertinent—theme of music from the "Soviet repressed" Baltic countries. It is through this theme that Magnanensi hopes to enlighten Canadians of the potential of (their) cultural diversity—something which he observed to me many months ago. The two primary composers of the festival are Vancouver's Allison Cameron—who describes her work as "experimental"... this "attitude" is essentially political (whether conscious or not) and it establishes the inherent social nature of musical activity"—and Estonia's Udo Kasemets, who works in a wide range of mixed media, sound texts, electroacoustics, and open forms. Of particular interest is Kasemets' "Future Is Past

Now," a conceptual script for six electronic musicians which will be performed April 19 at the VECC (10pm)—to be honest, I am involved in this weird contest, and results shall prove disturbingly engaging. But that is not all: an installation of the Silophone by Montreal's [The Unit] at the Western Front; an "e-lounge" every night at the Video-In; performances by the Helikon Ensemble, Gallon Drum, the CBC Radio Orchestra—the last remaining radio orchestra in all of North America—"Saxophilia" piano sonatas from Stephen Clarke... To get the whole schedule: www.newmusic.org. Tickets: 604.280.3311. Info: 604.633.0861.

Danish Global Warning

Anyone who doubts the danger of global warming should be immediately sterilized—they are counter-productive to survival. A huge chunk of Antarctica recently splashed into the sea, so wake the fuck up. There is more smog than ever in Vancouver on this fine sunny morning as I sit here and type, which makes me ask: what the hell is wrong with the Danes? Take Hans Henrik Ramm, who believes that responding to global warming is a "precautionary" measure advanced by political agendas of the Left. WHAT? Of course the agenda is political, as long as politics has something to do with living collectively for

mutual benefit—the polis—what amounts to asking: do we massacre and destroy the entire goddamn planet or not? Ramm's answer is the "wait and see, and is it really worth it?" approach mixed with polemics and hasty "scientific conclusions." Then there's Björn Lomborg. He at least believes in global warming, but figures that it would be better to give the money to the poor—using figures from the despicable World Bank—instead of making the Kyoto Protocol work, which amounts to the chimera of colonial/imperialist humanism/anthropocentrism which has driven the world to the brink of annihilation. Not to mention that the practicalities of his arguments include the participation of the US, which has no interest in helping the world's poor unless it involves amphetamine-slavery in a sweatshop making Nike shoes; furthermore, the US is trigger-happy and wants to increase their bomb budget. The solution is clear: ratify and give teeth to the Kyoto protocol. The "wait and see" approach is the Christian theological paradigm; the "is it worth it?" approach redefines "worth" to equate only monetary gain, investment in symbolic nothingness; the "give money to the poor" approach skirts the issues with dogmatic humanism.

Until...! •

strut, fret & flicker

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan



MODERN BAROQUE

OPERA
120 Songs for the Marquis de Sade
Sunday, March 3
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Confidently rude and mannered to a smirk, Modern Baroque's 120 Songs is a sprawling tour through the life of history's most famous pervers. The Alcan Performing Arts Award for Music/Opera 2002 enabled Artistic Director Kate Hutchinson to commission the piece from composer Peter Hannan, who felt that Sade's story had ongoing relevance for today's sexual and social politics. Whether or not the company succeeded in demonstrating this is moot, but one thing is certain: as a stunning aesthetic experience, the opera is worth every Alcan nickel and every moment of an audience's time.

Within the first minutes, it became clear that we wouldn't be teased, but hit full-on with the money shots. No sooner had the baby Marquis been born than double doors opened and a falsetto-singing countertenor walked in wearing nothing but a powdered wig and white stockings. Alan Brodie lit the production with a searing whiteness in which nothing could or would be hidden. It seemed more suitable to a pathology lab than an opera, but looked gorgeous and actually fit the song by song dissection approach to Sade's life. Although Thomas Hassman's lavish costume designs were heavy on the rococo, his set was not. It consisted of pale, tastelessly gilded walls and a big long table around, and more often that not, on which the action took place like a buffet of debauchery.

In a baroque kind of way, it was almost clinical, and whenever I needed to snuggle up to a warm body, I'd pay special attention to the performance by the Pacific Baroque Orchestra with guests from the jazz camp, it was layered and wonderful. I loved the way Ron Samworth's electric guitar would scrape across the orchestra's floating strings, and how Robin Reed's percussion could turn a song Arabic.

The cast of 13—most of whom played multiple roles—deserves some kind of ensemble award. In spite (or perhaps because) of the fact that they come from wildly diverse vocal backgrounds in classical, jazz, musical theatre, opera and rock, everyone seemed a good fit. In the huge and demanding role of

Sade, American baritone Michael Douglas Jones was both dangerous and playful. Modern Baroque regular Phoebe MacRae (oh, that exquisite voice) made his long-suffering wife Pelagie fabulously pasty and passive-aggressive.

Peter Hinton's libretto eschewed poetry and imagery for a pretty literal narrative and this worked in nice contrast to the elaborate goings on. But despite all the suffering and intrigue, the bare bums and buggeries, I was neither moved nor shocked—just transfixed—and deep down, wanted more than a mere parade of personal deviance, however audacious and elegant.

If ever a production wanted the chance to seduce us with a few psycho-political insights, it was this one. Sade's social and historical milieux were strongly present, but there was never a satisfying connection made—although to do so was apparently the intention. In his Creator's Statement, co-director Hinton writes that he wanted to investigate "when politic meets sexuality and society attempts to legislate free thought and desire". Yet Sade was imprisoned for sexually abusing unwilling prostitutes and servants—a life style which seemed more like an extreme symptom of the aristocracy's power than a threat to it. The production also glossed over the possible origins of his perversities in one tidily obvious scene where he is whipped as a boy and it didn't even get into his psychology of pain and pleasure.

After Sade's temporary release into post-revolutionary Paris, things felt a little rushed—as if so much fun was had with the raunchy bits that there wasn't a lot of time left to explore his life as a citizen and relationship to the revolution (if he actually had one). As for his descent into madness, incarceration in Charenton Asylum and death in 1814, they whizzed by and then it was over.

All too soon, I might add. Even after four hours, I felt wide awake and bright-eyed and could have watched this spectacle well into the night. If more time were given to bouncing a few ideas around and we were given breakfast in the lobby afterwards, I'd be all for an even longer version.

THE MENTOR'S CO-OP

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui
Sunday, March 17
The Jericho Arts Centre

As I stood waiting for buses in the freezing cold, I never expected to be so well rewarded for the trek out to Jericho. The Mentor's co-op deserves a triple shout for its taste in material, skill in performing it and—in view of the world we currently knock around in—its timing.

Bertolt Brecht wrote *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* in 1941. The play chronicles the proliferation of protection rackets and graft in 1930s Chicago and runs in flagrant parallel to Hitler's ascent during the same period in Germany—its title character is a mob boss played as a Hitler lookalike.

Director Tom Kerr didn't try to be cute or contemporary in mounting the piece—he just wound it up and let it go—and he gently shaped his actors' physical and vocal mannerisms for a period feel that was consistent and believable while remaining slightly carnivalesque. The gangsters declaimed with that burly beauty that loughs their way in the movies. Their rhythms were almost Shakespearean.

As per the company's mandate, less experienced performers were mixed with the seasoned pros, and despite one or two painfully superficial minor characters, the overall acting standard was impressively high. In the role of Arturo Ui, Adam Henderson was beyond impressive. All tense shoulders and flailing arms, he oozed a lust for power that was driven by manic insecurity. His loose-limbed agility also allowed him to turn into a cartoon at will.

Other standard performers included Ryan Nelson—tough, gentle and intense as Ui's right-hand man Ernesto Roma—and Bert Steinman as a washed-up Shakespearean actor hired to give the mob boss lessons in elocution and deportment. (That scene was a howling masterpiece of actor synchronization.)

The set was minimal almost to the point of non-existence but did use a scrim on which to project text newsreel style, documenting parallel events in Hitler's career. I don't know if this is a convention or was a choice of this production, but in any case, Brecht's own audience would hardly have needed it. And as dubious "businessmen" made deals with government, causing prices to rise and unions to lose their rights, we were providing our own subtext. When Henderson let his voice slide momentarily into a

Bush impersonation as Ui put pressure on a neighbouring city to accept "protection" from his mob, it didn't feel overdone—just inevitable. When the packed house rose to its feet stamping and cheering, you knew that it was applauding the production for its politics as well as its art. The really good thing is that neither were compromised. Brecht would have approved.

THE PLUGHOLE

The Blinding Light! Cinema always beckons with its outfield programming, but this month looks especially heavy with reasons to visit. Here are three of them:

Rockaction! On April 4 is another installment in the BL's series of commissions on a theme. This time, the camera packing artists have been told to pick any song and make an accompanying film which is informed by rock video without actually being one. Making that potentially subtle distinction could prove an interesting exercise in itself. With the usual suspects in the local and national indie scenes taking part, the films should be a riotous and thought-provoking alternative to MuchMusic.

Damn those radical French intellectuals from last century—so wordy, yet so skilled at galvanizing with their euphoria-inducing brain massage. In the 1973 film *Can*

Dialectics Break Bricks?, René Viñet scrubbed the dialogue from a trashy Kung Fu movie and replaced it with Situationist rhetoric. The combination of thinking in overdrive while laughing yourself silly might be too much to bear. Risk it on April 12.

The Quay Brothers' Institute Benjaminia is one of a small, but remarkable canon of films dealing wholly or in part with schools for servitude. Ermanno Olmi's bizarre, but ultimately humanist *Long Live the Lady* is another, while the terminally creepy brothers in Guy Maddin's *Careful* also attended a college for waiters. On April 18, the Eye of Newt Collective will perform live to the Quay Brothers' 1995 masterpiece. Set in a German Expressionist butler academy from hell, it stars Gottfried John, Alice Krige and the wonderful Mark Rylance. At first, I worried that we'd lose the dialogue—most of which is quite mad and absolutely essential—but a recent conversation with EON's Stefan Smulovitz banished my fears. They plan to edit out only the music and weave their own instrumental soundscape through the film. With Masa Anzai on sax and effects, Chris Kelly on sax and electronics, and Smulovitz on wordphone and viola, this will be a dark dream evening for first-time viewers and devotees alike. •



TOP: CAN DIALECTICS BREAK BRICKS?
BOTTOM: INSTITUTE BENJAMENTA

- the (sugar refinery) in April of 2002
- (2) Parallela improvised music serps (very tose)
 - (3) every wednesday in april Assertion + guests
 - (4) christine fellows
 - (5) Parloer steps w/ clat george
 - (6) new old Jass band 7-9 brian Jordan from sandiego
 - (7) SUMMER iad calgary (experimental) opening - dave gowan (daddy - bottles chap)
 - (8) capilano college photo show
 - (9) Parallela
 - (10) assertion
 - (11) greg davis (comp friends, New York) hratski@lescil
 - (12) millennium PROJECT IV
 - (13) the bottles chap
 - (14) angie inplis
 - (15) JP Carter Trio
 - (16) Parallela
 - (17) assertion
 - (18) bruce freedman trio
 - (19) broken crow quartet
 - (20) 7-9 Jim Munro book launch
 - (21) Golden Wedding band
 - (22) spoken word w/ Trish Kelly
 - (23) Parallela
 - (24) Lousy Bum unbummed
 - (25) frog eyes
 - (26) JP Carter quartet
 - (27) trianglerich
- addn: carolyn mark & her roomates opens for the bottles chaps on the 13th 5.

under review

recorded media



14 ICED BEARS

In the Beginning (Slumberland)
Neil Halstead—now there's an interesting case study. A veteran of the British indie scene, he seems to be making quite a nice living for himself peddling a line of pitifully awful singer-songwriting that aims for poor man's Nick Drake but ends up as half-baked Belle and Sebastian.

The very fact that Halstead has made it this far is testament to the fact that, what with the "internet" and easy access to CD recording/manufacturing, there's room for a little bit of everything out there today.

Halstead was once the leader of second-division shoegazers Slowdive, who were, and are to this day, reviled in the British music press as the worst kind of naffy pambly middle-class bullshit. Not only did our Neil find greater critical success with the rockier Mojave 3, but his early work also became adopted by an international cult of dreampop aficionados. These sensitive souls have done a lot to rehabilitate the reputations of undeservedly obscure early post-rock groups like Disco Inferno

and Bark Psychosis, but c'mon! They slowdive, for God's sake! They just weren't that great.

Now let's look at Slumberland Records. Does the world honestly need a 14 Iced Bears retrospective? This band sprang from an earlier, and perhaps even less fruitful era of British wuss-pop than Slowdive and their ilk. The scene was christened "C86" in reference to the NME compilation that documented it. The sound was shabby, fey, and hopelessly in debt to heavyweight '80s icons like The Smiths and The Jesus and Mary Chain.

From the scant information that is provided on the CD booklet, we can surmise that 14IB (catchy, eh?) were based out of Brighton and made a series of records between '85 and '88, which were championed by radio legend John Peel. Why any of this was allowed to happen is anyone's guess because, as the CD itself reveals, their music was distinctly third-rate. Doubtless intended as searing anthems to the awe-inspiring beauty and sadness of life, songs such as "Like a Dolphin" and "Spangle" (I'm not making any of this up) actu-

ally do little more for the contemporary listener than illustrate the effects that bad ecstasy might have on Billy Bragg. Not pretty.

Other than providing queasy nostalgia for those few of us who remember the band from back in the day, this compilation serves no useful purpose. Kindly ignore its existence.

Sam MacKlin

BAD FENG SHUI

Friendship Adventure (Good For You)
Bad Feng Shui, a.k.a. Mike Cantelon, is becoming something of a small-time celebrity in The People's Republic of East Van. Through his dedicated work for tao.ca and his involvement with noise and experimental electronic collective mediacore.org, he has developed the reputation of being a soft-spoken yet sincere activist who puts his music where his mouth is.

Mike's latest self-released album is no exception, yet it differs from previous outings through a significant leap in musical arrangement, experimentalism, and production. The current incarnation of Bad Feng

Shui is somewhere between DJ Spooky's *Riddim Warfare* album, Squarepusher's detail-ed drum and bass madness and early DHR/Alec Empire records.

This last comparison places Mike in a long tradition of political musicians who have turned to distorted, sped-up, crunchy, and industrial beats and sounds to bring a subversive—and crowd-inspiring, if not downright attacking—element to their music.

Hardcore beats drift angrily into drum and bass tracks and even downtempo, gritty breaks bring in double-time beats at points. Although the album is often fast-paced and industrially dark, it has its moments of downtempo sonic experimentalism, such as the dark, illiberal landscape of "Psychotropic of Cancer," that is reminiscent of Warp, and the oddly funky "We Should Have Killed the King" that leads into a brilliant pistake on minimal techno, "Arthieves," which is essentially a noised out yet minimal deconstruction of the genre's conventions.

Mike has managed to develop his own sound that also pokes through in the use of innovative, political samples. "Military Intelligence" subsumes spoken word samples of angry yelling behind noisy radio pulses; "White Robots" begins with a noisy scream, then buries a kick under layers of carefully constructed noisy squelches and a slightly echo-chambered high-hat pattern—this last track is especially enjoyable as it is subtle and restrained in its use of violent sounds, hinting at the true anger which boils within and eventually erupts in a slow, building cacophony of sound—a postmodern, revolutionary Ravel.

tobias v

BOARDS OF CANADA

Geogaddi (Warp)
Geogaddi is the most anticipated

electronic release since last year's all-too-forgettable Aphex Twin effort (another Warp release). The music of Scotsmen Marcus Eoin and Michael Sandison has always evoked memories of warm whimsical days and emotions in my past that I may or may not have experienced.

BOC plays its safe incorporating their trademark childhood aesthetics which were introduced to the public at large with 1998's *Music Has the Right to Children*. This time, they include back-masking loops, distorted ethereal vocal samplings, public service announcements, and low bpm drum beats.

For the BOC diehards, tracks like "Alpha and Omega" are reminiscent of the duo's more digital and angular *Boc Maxim* album and *Skam* years. Although many of the sounds are almost too similar to past efforts, they are so pleasing that such minor criticism can't detract from this near perfect album.

The samples that BOC use are familiar but not to the extent that you can play the sample game and discern their origin. (The voice on "Dandelion" is familiar as well—I swear it is Leslie Nielsen.)

These lovers of the National Film Board of Canada recorded over 90 songs, of which 22 (the last track is not worth counting) made the cut. This is music of such rare beauty that it transcends its electro fabric into something more primal and essential.

Boards have the rare ability to make music that is both ambient mood creation and tribally rhythmic at the same time. BOC is onto something no one else is—and it's beautiful.

Rbot

MARI BOINE

Remixed (Jazzland)
Mari Boine is a part-Saami (aka Lapp) singer from Norway. She

has said that for much of her life she was made to feel ashamed of her indigenous ancestry, as it wasn't appreciated by the modernized Norwegian people. Lucky for us, she didn't let that repression keep her from becoming one of the best singers of a traditional chant-style called joik.

Mari occasionally sings acappella on her albums, but even with musical accompaniment, her incantatory vocals are always the grandest presence. She has also said, "I think your voice is a mirror of your soul and how you feel inside." Her singing is likely to be the purest you've encountered in a while, if ever.

I wonder what Mari thinks of this album of remixes, as only a few of the songs are particularly potent. The vocals seem to get sucked up by the vortex of endless beats. If a person were to hear an original Mari Boine song they would likely wonder who the hypnotizing singer is. If a person were to hear one of these re-mixes, they'd likely be in a Club Monaco outfit.

Kiran

BARRY ELMES QUINTET

The Five Minute Warning (Cornerstone)
This album actually came out late last year, but as it won big prizes at last month's (Canadian) National Jazz Awards, now is as good a time as any to give it a review.

Four of the five members of this Quintet, headed by drummer Barry Elmes, were nominated for honours at the awards, with the leader finishing as runner up in the Best Drummer Category. Trumpeter Kevin Turcotte, saxophonist Mike Murley (well-known for his work in Metalwood), and bassist Steve Wallace each won their respective categories. The group as a whole picked up the Acoustic Group of the Year Award—and this album proves that they deserved the honour.

All the songs on the album

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were composed by Elmes, and the compositions are a wonderful mix ranging from playful pop-esque to slower downtempo numbers. Tucote's trumpet is fluid throughout and Wallace's bass work is impeccable, especially on the first chart, "The New Shm Sham Shimmy," which is based on an old dance rhythm taught to Elmes by the late great Dizzy Gillespie. (The last track on the album is actually a tape recording of Gillespie singing the main riff into a mic for Elmes.)

Stand-out tracks include "Mouse House," a fun-sounding bluesy number, and the title track, in which Elmes displays his fine drumming chops. As a whole, this album goes to show that Canadian jazz means a lot more than Diana Krall. **Lucas TDs**

NEIL HALSTEAD *Sleeping On Roads* (A4D)

Full of warm and well-developed textures, Neil Halstead's *Sleeping On Roads* contains tracks after track of simple melodies over lush background. Halstead (of Mojave 3, Slowdive) has an understated way of singing that rests perfectly against a thick backdrop of keyboards, guitars, drums, banjos, guitars, trumpets, glocks and weird noises. In particular, the playing of Mark Armstrong (trumpet) and Nick Holten (funny noises, keyboards, and general vibes) stand out.

Halstead has been called one of today's great songwriters and this album proves that to be true. Themes of longing, love and drifting are ever-present throughout this album. For some reason, the album reminded me of perfect sunset nights, oddly enough, the cover depicts a sunset.

Cover artist Chantal Awbi deserves extra credit for creating one of the most beautiful CD covers I've seen, using only three colours—blue, orange, and brown. The cover of this album comes closer to fully representing the music inside the package than words can. So I'll stop writing and just stare at the cover 'til I'm all drowsy.

Lucas TDs

NEW FLESH *Understanding* (Big Dada)

Ah, British hip hop. So many great hopes, so few good records. Two of the greatest hopes of recent times have come to us courtesy of the good people at Ninja Tune offshoot Big Dada. Since the first of these, *Roots Manuva's Run Come Save Me*, there was an undeniably mediocre effort, a lot of hope must be riding on this one.

It's another let-down, sorry to say. Sure, as desperate stabs at commercial acceptance go, *Understanding* certainly has its moments but even these pale in comparison to the wilder moments of Stateside pop-rap. Played next to *Miss E...So Addictive*, this shit is going to sound mad weak.

The main problem is production. Bravely, soundman Part 2 aims to set his style apart from that R&B-infected American sound by incorporating the markedly English elements of UK garage and ersatz ragga. Sadly, he ends up coming off like a bargain basement Timbaland for the most part.

Julce Aleem and Toastie Taylor's rapping is more successful, both in locating itself geographically (North-East London, at a guess) and maintaining an acceptable level of quality. Many of the rhymes tend towards the abstract—a tendency underlined by the presence of decidedly avant-garde acts like Beans and Rameell. The others represent a West-Indian/Cockney "bad boy" persona distinctly more charming than the mindless thuggery promoted by most rap stars.

On the whole, it's the crazy abstract shit that these boys sound most comfortable with. Perhaps by sticking to their more left-field genre, New Flesh could have taken a convincing shot at commercial and artistic success (if you'll excuse my rather unfortunate imagery). But in a climate where pseudo-intellectual white music critics smugly champion no-talent jokes like Jay-Z, there's little to be gained from—ahem—keeping it real. **Sam MacKlin**

REQ *Sketchbook* (Warp)

To imagine the bearded sound of Req, think of *Autechre* as the confident and successful first-born son of a family of IDM bands, radiating creativity and talent and redefining genres on a daily basis. Now picture *Autechre's* petulant kid brother: a few inches shorter, a little stockier, wearing a backwards baseball cap (probably red)—in short, trying just a little too hard.

Although Req fuses his ethereal IDM sounds with more conventional rhythm systems and could be seen as innovative in this respect, the instrumental hip hop tracks on this album, *Release*, his first on Warp, are the weakest on the album. More interesting are the eerie sunset tracks, reminiscent of a more secular and thus predictably less intense take on The Black Dog. **Danovan**

JOSH ROUSE *Under Cold Blue Stars* (Rykodisc/Slow River)

Josh Rouse is not a mouse but with the money that went into recording and promoting this album, he could have easily bought a house, as is the common practice among mice. *Under Cold Blue Stars* will never be played in bars but seems like standard issue for cars, especially the unrealistic kinds that don't smell and hum quietly enough so as not to drown out everything but the vocals.

When song one is done, it doesn't seem like much fun, but

then song two starts anew and bears no likeness to poo. The lyrics on song three sound like they were written by Kenny G. Song four is a roar, sounding like *Yo La Tengo* because both acts have "producer" Roger Moutenot at their core. (Rhyming is hard!) The last half of this record is pure tantalum despite the lyrical contamination which, oddly enough, probably keeps the market value of this thing up because if the songs went "yeah yeah plucking chickens, yeah yeah you fucking chickens," it would be neither neutral enough for his fans nor extreme enough for the people who buy up all chicken-country. **Spencer**

SINGS-OHIA *Dion't It Rain* (Secretly Canadian)

Finally, Jason Molina goes back to his former self with some guitar, voice, and little else. No synthesizers, no *Appendix Out*, and above all no distractions. This is what Neil Young winds down with after a good walk around the yard.

I suggest you try "Ring the Bell" or its continuation on the next track, "Cross the Road, Molina."

This is indeed the best offering Songs-Ohia has yet to offer; so scram, Will Oldham comparison, we never liked you anyways. Jason has really come full-circle, people will say. But they will be referring to what's in his voice. Molina is an excellent guitar player, and a formidable song craftsman. The live sound quality is as sharp as nails. The "it's-like-being-there" feeling is captured by the intensity of Jason's vocals, which makes for a solid listen.

This is material you can take to the bush with you. **Black Diamond**

SARAH TAYLOR *One Way, Anywhere* (Indie)

Establishing oneself as a vocalist—especially a female, "electronic" vocalist—is no easy task these days. The parameters of the genre have been set, with *Rock* and *Indie* referring to the likes of Sarah McLachlan, Massive Attack, Morcheeba, Loreena McKennitt, etc. Taylor's debut album is certainly ripe for accusations of female-vocalist syndrome, yet it is Taylor's strong, talented voice and poetic, political lyrics that set her apart from the Nettwerk clones.

Gritty hip hop breaks give an underground flavour, with record pops and surface noise combined with subtle scratches and well-mixed samples delivering a darker and urban savvy trip hop flair. The beats are not bombastic but restrained, much like Taylor's voice, especially on the drifting "Selkie," which loops a quietly melodramatic violin and begins and ends with field recordings of the ocean.

A violin also underscores "Panda"—the predominantly McKennitt-esque track—while

the obvious pop-single is the catchy "Karma Comes," which is dramatic in all the right places and, with a little mastering, could break into chart-territory without losing its feminist integrity; the same can be said for the gospel-influenced "No Trains."

The album is definitely working within the conventions of its genre, for better or for worse, which is not to say that Taylor doesn't display a noble mastery of the nuances of her emotion and style—which is distinct and flavoured. With the inspiration of the muse and a bit of luck, her bold and demanding musical talent could lead to some brilliant work. **lobis o**

TL WALSH *Pullensons* (My Pal God)

Hey, guess what? NEIL YOUNG IS STILL ALIVE. Neil Young is still GREAT. There's no need for a tribute band at this time. **Christa Min**

JULIAN WHO *Highroad/Paintedsky* (Worldwide Domination)

In 1999, Julian Who taught me how to shave. At that time he instructed me to shave dry, without foam or gel. "Instruments such as foam and gel," Julian explained, "identify you with the luxurial establishment, the reckless and metaphysically barren materialists, the decadent piglets

Dear Christa,

With all due respect to your fine work—rendering for us Americans (Canadians and US-ians, both) monthly a column entitled *Fucking Bushlist*, and numerous other articles—I have grown to admire your enthusiasm toward this music you can mouth to write about, and have endeavored to hear some of it for myself. Unfortunately I have detected some inaccuracies, not with your taste(s), as that's just plain wrong to criticize, as are all slices of life, but with some of your facts. My findings in this regard are presented as follows:

1. The Eagles are not the worst band ever. In fact, scaled to their popularity (considerably less, though who's popularity isn't less than the Frey/Henley reunion machine), it is well known that in fact CINQUE BONGOS is the worst, followed by The Eagles, Sting/Police, Alanis, Tori Amos and Dave Matthews to head a very long list.
2. Soft Pussy did not influence Colin Newman to write "12KU." Though 1975-76 was unquestionably a fluid time in British punk music, Newman's group more indebted to Brit Art punk of the age, than a two bit footnote such as Soft Pussy. Soft Machine, perhaps—Soft Pussy, no fucking way. Of the London punk set of that exact time, let us say early 1977, there were probably 21 or 22 historically relevant punk bands, and of that number, Soft Pussy ranked far below even lesser greats such as the Adverts, Vibrators, etc. On second thought they are probably better than the Jam!
3. I have grown tired of your disparaging of the best your province has to offer at the moment: DESTROYER. I believe I had initial reservations about the group's sonic similarities to Mott the Hoople (who I love), and pre-Exo Bowie (who I don't), but those quibbles have vanished with repeated listening. I have not had the pleasure of seeing them/him/Daniel Bejar play myself, but there is a first time for everything. Let me close this part by saying ordinarily I would feel the same as you about this sort of thing, but, and let me be clear about this: *Streethuck*, and, for the most part, *This* before it, ROCK. I guess my only real problem remaining with Bejar is his beard, which, at one time, made me believe he had been fingered "The American Taliban." Goes to show that one must be careful what they dare on their promotional materials.
4. Back to Colin Newman for a minute: HOW PURE YOU allow Mark Szabo a forum in which to even attempt to criticize Newman's third LP, *Not To* (A4D, 1982), as having demolished his former group Wire's arrangements of songs which turned up on that record? There can be no argument that if any effect had been achieved in the "solo arrangements" of *Not To*, it was an improvement. I would direct Mr. Szabo and yourself to the no-so-not Wire live record *Document and Eyewitness* (Rough Trade, 1981) for further evidence of same. Christa, please consider the evidence and proceed as directed.

Respectfully submitted,

Tim Cook
Seattle, WA

who rule us, who are incapable of harnessing universal meaning....By shunning this association, you access the latent power of the periphery against the dominant centre—the ability to unleash catatasy."

The force of this metaphysical program hit me like a train, and the formula Julian taught me then and in the years surrounding that encounter stay with me to this day, filling my life with meaning. Now, with Who's first full solo release, I find that meaning captured in music.

With unlimited subtlety, Who conveys the pathos of a country boy addicted to city girls he can never understand, a latent ultra-sadness known to us all. He activates a catatasy of emotional subtlety, filling every song with concentrated drama power, deftly sweetened with humour and lunched with precision by his perfectly toned style.

Like all great flavours of the world, Who is an acquired taste, but I guarantee this on your first listening of this record, you will be interested in Who as an individual and in the values he represents; by your third listening, you will recognize the appeal (and potential for more appeal) of Who's music; and by your fifth listening, you will be aesthetically enmeshed with Who's reality and may feel like you've been hit by a train. The album is available through www.worldwide domination.org.

Danovan

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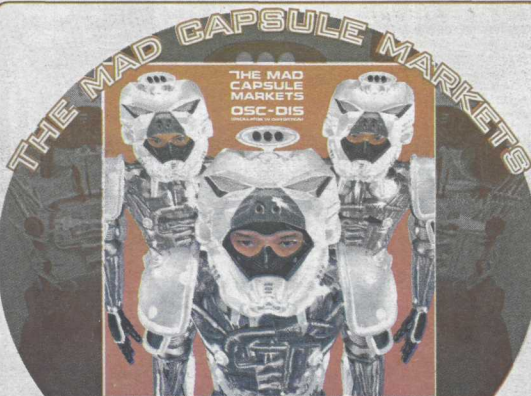
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SPREADLEAGUE
Thursday, February 27
Cobalt

I've seen a lot of shows. More than most. You could say I get a little excited when music is played well—not just good, but good enough to summon blood from ears, the rocking of peers, and the overconsumption of beers.

Very few bands in this great city can muster up enough flair to exhibit these traits but, alas, on rare occasion, I am indeed proven wrong. Maybe I am just too damned hard to please. Who knows. But on this particular evening, one band made up for all of the Nickelbacking and boredom that had been molesting my musical palate for the past few months.

Vancouver rock and roll can thank Spreadleagle for this purging of the weak. I had seen them before, and whether it was the wine, women, or thong that had previously diverted my attention, the \$2 Whiskies were keeping me *en pointe*.

They wore red dress shirts and leather vests; this, in my opinion can make the band.

Tony Iommi did it. April Wine did it. And now Spreadleagle was doing it.

And that's not all they were wearing. Drinks flew through the air and landed, some upon the stage, some upon the clothing of the band. The bass player had punched somebody in the face at a previous show, and for that I'm sure he was sorry. But it didn't stop the crowd from trying to entice these brothers of Zekeish style punk into Wrestlingman 35. The drummer, a young elfish woman, who was apparently new in the lineup, pounded the skins with amazing consistency and skill, all this amid the chaotic dink-dancing of the boys in front of her. When hearing Spreadleagle live one might conjure up some comparison to the *Hookers*, old *Dwarves* or the *Tight Bros*. But believe you me, this band would be questioning me, if they had the chance, as to why I would compare them to anyone. They believe they are the best rock band in this city. No one will try and dispute that their gigs are mightier than their violent crowd interaction.

What remains to be seen is whether they even get another show booked after this one.

Black Baby Diamondz



GUIDED BY VOICES AT RICHARD'S. AS DRAWN BY SEAN MAXEY

GUIDED BY VOICES
THE BATTLES
Wednesday, March 6
Richard's on Richards
Bob Pollard makes me drink. It's a necessity. Every time I see his band walk onstage with their Coleman cooler full of Bud and gladly share a few with the audience I drool like the salivating alcoholic that I am. Bob Pollard also makes me want to write five thousand two-

minute-long songs. It's hopeless. Every time I see him walk onstage with a 24" sheet of paper covered in song titles I drool like the failed non-musician that I am. So it was a typical Guided By Voices show (my sixth to date). One would think that I would now be used to this band's relentless alcohol tolerance and contagious ditties. One would think... I, on the other hand, chose not to think.

We high-fived Bob all night and were exposed to a first listen to their upcoming album, due for release this month. After a while, though, I grew impatient. Where was "Tortable Men's Society," "14 Cheerleader Coldfront," "Christ, where was 'Weed King'?" I realized, through my stupor, that what was going on was a brilliant way to keep an audience attentive. We knew that they would get into the classics sooner or later so we just kept on listening to the new stuff, which wasn't that bad actually. However by the time they re-enacted *ALMOST THE ENTIRE FUCKING BEE THOUSAND* ALBUM, it was bedtime for Luke. Awoke with a devout new respect to what draught beer does to your insides, and a head full of dis-oriented, soon-to-be-loved new GBV material.

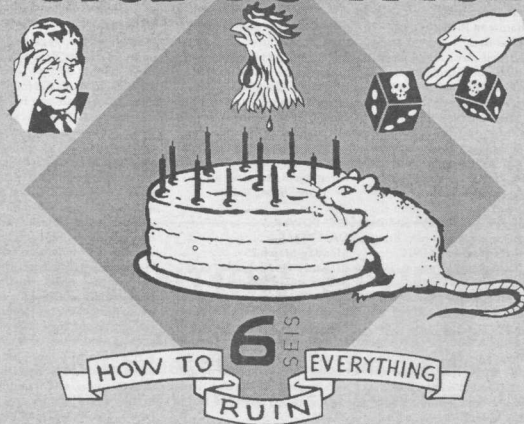
Note to The Battles: I'm not gonna pull the typical "I got there too late to see the opening band" horseshit because I did catch most of your set and it was really good. I was simply too distracted, hangin' out and getting excited for the headline blah blah. I will check you out again, though—and try and go easy on the pints. All apologies?

Luke Meant

DIMMU BORGIR
Friday, March 15
Wett Barr

As huge raindrops splashed across our foreheads and freeze-

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Soulive "NEXT"

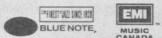
"the best band I've ever seen" — Dave Matthews (introducing band at DMB show in Spring, TX 5/11)

With their dedication to the groove, they've been able to collaborate genre-classifications, bringing toe-tapping beboppers, head-nodder b-boys and body-spinning hippies together under one funky umbrella.

Their latest album *NEXT* features appearances from Black Thought of The Roots, Talib Kweli, angelic soul songstress Amel Larrieux, and new friend Dave Matthews singing Ani DiFranco's *Soyful Girl*.

www.bluenote.ca • www.soulive.com

IN CONCERT May 24th @ GM Place
(Opening for Dave Matthews Band)



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ing wind galloped through our clothes, we waited. The night grew darker, the rain turned to snow, seven o'clock turned to nine, and we still waited at the gates of the promised concert.

The army of freaks were determined to get inside the Wetz Bar on the doomed evening of March 15. Ironically, after crossing the doorstep we encountered yet another mechanism of personal control. It seemed like a cop station, with each person undergoing a search and senseless questioning. Finally, all the anarchists were able to break loose and chill out as Dimmu Borgir was about to perform.

The six Norwegian goths appeared on a stage and the riot began. The liberation of black metal melody was enforced by a strong haunting voice of Shagrath and operatic backing vocals of Simen Hestnes. The band played songs from their Norwegian Grammy winner album *Puritanical Euphoric Misanthropy*. As soon as they started, they grabbed our souls. The music high put the crowd in the ecstatic trance of head-banging and mosh-pitching. In a collective experience of chaos and freedom, we became a united shout. The concert became a manifestation of inner instincts and desires, through artistic blend of mystic and hardcore sounds. Unfortunately the awesome show stopped at its peak as the band ran out of time. Due to delay, for which the audience was not given an explanation, the three band, three hour show turned out to be a one hour, 40 minute performance. Only the most devoted fans were happy, for them the experience was priceless; however, all others were pissed off. We felt ripped off and ignored, but I guess car happens when bureaucracy interferes with the purity of music.

Agata Krazgmozinski

UBC JAZZ ENSEMBLE I Friday, March 15 UBC School of Music Recital Hall

UBC doesn't have a reputation as a jazz school, but jazz director Fred Stride seems to be out to change that. UBC now has not one, but two jazz ensembles, and a small combo. On March 15, the first jazz ensemble showed off their collective goods during an excellent concert at UBC that proved that Stride really loves Duke Ellington. The band played Ellington charts for an hour straight, with a Billy Strayhorn number tossed in for good measure. The band moved effectively from quiet whispers to huge shout choruses, with their massive brass section (five trumpets and four trombones) and two percussionists. The band had two clarinetists out for the occasion, making for some interesting interplay. Look for the UBC Jazz Ensemble I

around town as they play every so often with the Capilano College "A" Band.

Lucas TDS

US MAPLE JERK WITH A BOMB Thursday, March 21 Sugar Refinery

Research parameters: Classic rock analogies amidst scientific methodologies.

Performers: Jerk With a Bomb.

Number of: Three (amended from the former two).

Sound: A slow-motion CCR plays the riffs of Black Sabbath with comparatively sparse, decisive voice.

Drumming: Smart. Open. Right.

Heat: Subject exhibiting signs of severe dehydration, frequently bordering on loss of consciousness.

Performers: US Maple.

Number of: Four.

Arrangement of said performers: Three in conventional formation on stage, second guitarist faces stage from DJ crowd's nest some eight metres away (ignores pleas from companions to adjust volume).

Audience: Caught in crossfire.

Resulting image: Heavy stereo, accentuating deceptively intricate orchestration between strings.

Sound: AC/DC explores the "European Son to Delmore Schwartz" mansion while in the

and watched junkies sell cheese from their coats. We finally got down to the Pic and there's an \$11 cover charge. Big, frigid deal. I got money. Don't matter to me. Ya know? Just let me in, and we won't have any problems, you know what I'm saying?

The guys in *Three Inches of Blood* looked young, which was fine by me, but they had better put forth a good rockin'. Me and Russ get a little cranky when musicians don't CRANK it UP... a good notch.

They came on after a lot of fucking around. Me and Russ went through four beers, before they took to the squared circle of amplified stonewenge. This band had better be fuckin' good. I pawned my old lady's gold nugget for this night-of-the-beasts. This barbaric galavanti of two adequate, and most rockingly equipped young men, had better be entertaining—good and hard.

After tuning up their equipment the kids, playing their first number, belted out a good, solid, power-saga that left no person unaccounted. They didn't even stop for a time-out—straight into part deux. This was just what the doctor ordered: a solid dose of technical and loud power slaughter. Fucking A.

Russ looked at me and smiled. He looked genuinely rocked, and then he yelled into my ear that he had just farted.



US MAPLE BY LINDSAY SUNG

death-rattle of a malarial fever originally contracted during tour of duty in Vietnam.

Drumming: New performer holds his own in marching to the beat of genius.

Heat: Subject now impervious to pain.

Research conclusions: Unmitigated failure.

Steve DiPo

THREE INCHES OF BLOOD STREETS BLACKJACKS Thursday, March 21 Pic Back

The evening began with a precursory drink down at A's. Me and Russ downed a few beers

Fucking guy. So they played for a while, and I started to get bored, so I nudged Russ, and we go up to the bar for another drink.

The band was still playing, and I began to feel like maybe I'm too old to be rocking like I do. But then I say fuck it, you know. Who really gives a fuck. Not me, that's the honest truth. I enjoy the finer things in life. Women, whiskey and rocking out to good, technical, sick-kicking metal music. And I don't care who knows about it. So if you are reading this, Diane, sorry about your nugget. It's the price you gotta pay to keep this wild, wild, motherfucker in

the parttime business.

Good Night.

Black Baby Diamonds

MERCEDES SOSA Friday, March 22 Orpheum

When Mercedes Sosa came on stage I was strongly reminded of my aunt, a woman who's full of enough love to fill a concert hall, but who is also strong enough to topple you upside the head should you cross her. There was no doubt in my mind that Mercedes Sosa was a matriarch, and that her concert was an allegory of her political struggle. In the first part of the show, her powerful, majestic voice resonated with melancholic songs that brought many in the audience to tears. Songs about hardship and oppression—songs about her exile from Argentina in the 1970s. After the intermission, the mood shifted dramatically from melancholy to euphoria as the music picked up and the dancing began. These songs were about triumph and resilience; about her return from exile.

Sosa was engaging and gracious, and made me wish I spoke Spanish so that I could have understood the jokes she cracked in between songs. She weaved her audience into her songs and into her experience; she made me feel loved, hopeful and so nostalgic that I almost called my aunt in the wee hours of the morning. You could say that there were enough emotions surging in the Orpheum that night to power a small, South American country.

Rana E

CLINIC KINGSBURY MANX Sunday, March 24 Richard's on Richards

911 was useless, only a static growl. Self-medication left me retching into a broken glass. I could hear the wail and whine of an ambulance, oblivious to my present condition, not meant for me. I've overdosed on all the latest designs: melancholy pop the bitterest pill, emo twisted my insides straight. All of it in me—raking at my organs. Damn you, damn the medical establishment and its lacklustre elevator music. Bring me to the fucking CLINIC.

The waiting room. The opening act. A band I've never seen, nor heard of, walk out upon Dick's stage. They call themselves *Kingsbury Manx*. They follow through with a set of dreamy psych-pop; unfortunately they verge into jam (think Gomez) territory as the songs bled out a little too long for my taste. However, let it be known, more than anything I hate waiting rooms, specifically waiting room music.

"The Doctors will see you now." Dressed in surgeons' best, with scrubs and surgical masks. One is inclined to wonder, is it a desire for rock and

roll anonymity—do they want the music to represent rather than their Liverpool mugshots?



JERK WITH A BOMB
BY LINDSAY SUNG

Do these rockin' Ronin plan to dismember their audience with artery-spurring speed, heal with decisive musical know-how, and transcend with a surgical performance? My cold had dropped away like so much damp tissue, though I did walk out one kidney shy. Ade Blackburn, Clinic's vocalist/key-boardist/guitarist, possesses a distinctive and haunting voice. The character in it furthers the surreal, disjointed lyrics and what seems to be an anti-everything but their own policy of songwriting. Influences are definitely there, but they contain such an original take and sound that all is forgiven. Clinic are a unit, a team of professionals and obvious specialists. The set was cohesive, and yet almost every track stood out as a peculiar shining gem (though I was sliced open by "The Return Of Evil Bill," "The Second Line" and "Mr. Moonlight"). Their enigmatic stage presence intensified the performance, allowing them to release a caustic, manic delivery of material from their two brilliant full-lengths—*Internal Wrangler* and *Walking With Thee*, respectively. A perfect operation and recovery; and without that funny hospital smell. Good thing *Disorder* has decimal media.

Derek Sterling Boone

CAT POWER DAN BEJAR Monday, March 25 Richard's on Richards

Before I left for the show, I called Richard's to see if there were any tickets at the door, because my roommate wanted to see the lovely Chan Marshall. According to the guy on the phone, there were 30 people standing outside the club, hoping for a ticket. That was seven o'clock.

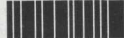
Fast forward to nine-thirty. The place was packed and it seemed like a hundred or more conversations were going on. It was a convergence of long-lost friends and acquaintances you only see at shows, a lovefest of the Cat Power-initiated. Due to

the buzz of the crowd and my shortness (I even wore huge platform shoes, but it didn't help all that much), I didn't realize that Dan Bejar was playing until he was on his fourth or fifth song. It was strange to see the man behind *Destroyer*, in what I think was his first performance since moving back to Vancouver, go unappreciated by most of the crowd. Where were all the boys who had told me that *Destroyer* was the best, who spoke of Bejar with reverence? Maybe they've all moved away—or moved on. From where I was standing, Bejar didn't seem larger than life, even though whenever anyone talked about *Destroyer*/the greatness of *Thief*, or I listened to *The New Pornographers*, Bejar took on otherworldly qualities. From what I could hear and see, he played in a soft, dreamy fashion. I wish we'd all paid a little more attention.

Everyone came to attention when Chan Marshall got onstage. I couldn't see, but I knew she was there by the way the entire venue became quiet, save for the clink of the occasional empty pint glass. Would she play beautifully? Would she be able to play at all? We waited. We hoped. And then she started singing. Oh that voice. I hadn't imagined she would sound even better in person, commanding and vulnerable all at once. After a few songs, she started to get very fussy about the vocal levels. She felt that they were too loud in relation to her guitar levels: "If it's not perfect, it's not any good." There was a bit of feedback and an uncomfortable pause or two. For a moment I was worried that she'd become withdrawn and that some jerk would heckle her (which apparently happened at a show in San Diego. How could anyone heckle someone so sweet and fragile?), but after a while she became more relaxed, if not less apologetic. I'd like to think it was because she liked us or at least she liked Stanley Park and it put her in a good mood. After a while I could see her, long hair and all. She was a vision: the greyish sweatshirt, the faded blue jeans, the white boots that I want to report were cowboy boots, but I'm not a boot expert. She got the crowd whistling, she playfully mouthed the chorus to "Knocking on Heaven's Door," and she imitated a gorilla (which she followed up with a reference to others holding hands. I had a small other obsession this year, so I was pretty excited). She hypnotized the crowd, and she did it all with a broken index finger on her left hand. I was impressed, and left feeling peaceful and happy.

Doretha Lau

charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



April Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Young and Sexy | Stand Up For Your Mother | Mint |
| 2 Clinic | Walking With Thee | Domino |
| 3 Boards of Canada | Geogaddi | Warp |
| 4 Hanson Brothers | My Game | Mint |
| 5 Tennessee Twin | Free To Do What? | Mint |
| 6 Reverend Horton... | Lucky 7 | Artemis |
| 7 Traveler '02 | V/A | Six Degrees |
| 8 Cleats | LostVoice... | Longshot |
| 9 Tim Hecker | Haunt Me | SubTractif |
| 10 Shalabi Effect | The Trial Of... | Alien8 |
| 11 Joey Ramone | Don't Worry About Me | Sanctuary |
| 12 Japan For Sale | V/A | Sony |
| 13 Gas Huffer | The Rest of Us | Estrus |
| 14 Eels | Souljacker | Dreamworks |
| 15 Frog Eyes | The Bloody Hand | Global... |
| 16 Death Cab for Cutie | The Stability EP | Barsuk |
| 17 Monsieur Guy | I Don't Know... | Independent |
| 18 All Girl Summer... | S/t | K |
| 19 Dressy Bessy | Sound Go Round | Kindercore |
| 20 Capozzi Park | The Record... | Independent |
| 21 Controlled Bleeding | Can You Smell... | Tone Casualties |
| 22 Andrew WK | I Get Wet | Island |
| 23 Weezer | Maladroit sampler | Geffen |
| 24 Rincorse | Music Kills Me | V2 |
| 25 Mirah | Advisory Committee | K |
| 26 Golden Boy With... | Or | Emperor Norton |
| 27 And You Will Know | Source Tags... | Interscope |
| 28 Gorillaz | G Sides | Virgin |
| 29 Billy Bragg | England... | Elektra |
| 30 KMFDm | Attak | EFA |

April Short Vinyl

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1 The Spitfires | Juke Box High |
| 2 Riff Randalls | How 'bout Romance |
| 3 Mirah | Cold Cold Water |
| 4 V/A | Volume One |
| 5 The Mabels | Shifting Sands |
| 6 Evaporators | Honk the Horn |
| 7 Cave In | S/t |
| 8 The Lollies | Channel Heaven |
| 9 Matt Pond | This is Not |
| 10 Piebald | Just a Simple Plan |
| 11 The Cleats | Save Yourself |
| 12 Stereo/Ultimate | Split |
| 13 Class Assassins | No Justice |
| 14 Destroyer | The Music Lovers |
| 15 Mea Culpa | Corporate |
| 16 Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage |
| 17 Songs:Ohia | The Gray Tower |
| 18 Rye Coalition | Zz Topless |
| 19 Red Hot Lovers | S/t |
| 20 The Organ | We've Got to Meet |

April Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 The Accident | Perestroika |
| 2 Sharp Teeth | Burn Return |
| 3 The Organ | We've Got to Meet |
| 4 The Byronic Heroes | Ant Dance |
| 5 The Spinoffs | Novelty Garb |
| 6 Bolest | Whiffor |
| 7 Roadbed | JB Fool |
| 8 White Lights | Your Main Man |
| 9 Human Hi-Lite Reel | Lamb-a-Rama |
| 10 Second Narrows | Live off the Floor |
| 11 Bend Sinister | Untitled |
| 12 Western Magnetics | Fade Into You |
| 13 Ether's Void | It's Over |
| 14 The Winks | Aprin Fell |
| 15 Stoke | The Black Sorrows |
| 16 Dr. Pong | Snapshot |
| 17 Mr. Solid | Already Gone |
| 18 Too Hectic | As You Were |
| 19 Implosia | Constellations |
| 20 Six Block Radius | Kill to Hide |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "April" charts reflect airplay over March). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts."

ATTENTION: NERDS

Discorder magazine needs more Mac-literate computer geeks to help us not die every month. If you think this sounds like a volunteer opportunity you can't refuse, email <discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca> with the subject heading "I'm a big nerd."

advertise with *discorder*
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discorder@yahoo.com



A cassette tape is shown at an angle. The label on the tape has the words "TWIST AND" written in a bold, hand-drawn font. The tape reels and the clear window of the cassette are also visible.

your guide to CiTR 101.9fm

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your host Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD
alt. 11:00-1:00PM

9:00PM
Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb sux, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Vyb and Krystabelle.

No tribute or "ghost" bands, just Mingus.

VENGENCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

hosted by Coreen.
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES
 alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM
PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM
 Incorporated into the soul are

Cf = conscious and funky • Ch = children's • Dc = dance/electronic • Ec = eclectic • Gi = goth/industrial • Hc = hardcore • Hh = hip hop
Hk = Hans Kloss • Ki = Kids • Jz = jazz • Lm = live music • Lo = lounge • Ml = metal • No = noise • Nw = Nardwuar • Po = pop • Pu = punk
Re = reggae • Rr = rock • Rts = roots • Sk = ska • So = soul • Sp = sports • Tk = talk • Wo = world

the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles into states of becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, hydra-head, rhizomatic sky. www.shurmb.com

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
But bump... but bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... bump bump...

LA BOMBA (First three Tuesdays of every month) 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:00-5:00PM

10:00:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punx, down the emof Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://jazzyourhead.vancouver.hardcore.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-10:00PM

VENUS FLTPRAT'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

venusden@hotmail.com

SOUNSCONIC WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. sswanderlust@hotmail.com

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the usual and the weird, or it could be something something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! suburbanjungle@thames88.com

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

FILL-IN 10:00AM-11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat.

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too. www.necessaryvoices.org

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt. country and more. Not a mirage! folkovoice@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungrali "Chakhe de phayay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanSHIP.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPEA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM

Comix comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM

Viva la Velourion! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need, and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM

The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. criptup55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local music from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIUM NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM

Loops, layers, and activities. Naked phone staff. Resident haicich with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of your rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to cdjska_j@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM

Top notch crate diggers DJ Aki Shook and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWARU THE HUMAN SERVICETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

On hiatus for the summer, will return in September.

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBOSS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 4:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNILIHILATION 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Battlehead, Dvain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM

Due to popular demand, Dave Emory returns to the CITR airwaves with his legendary For The Record radio series.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 8:00-10:00PM

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-11:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

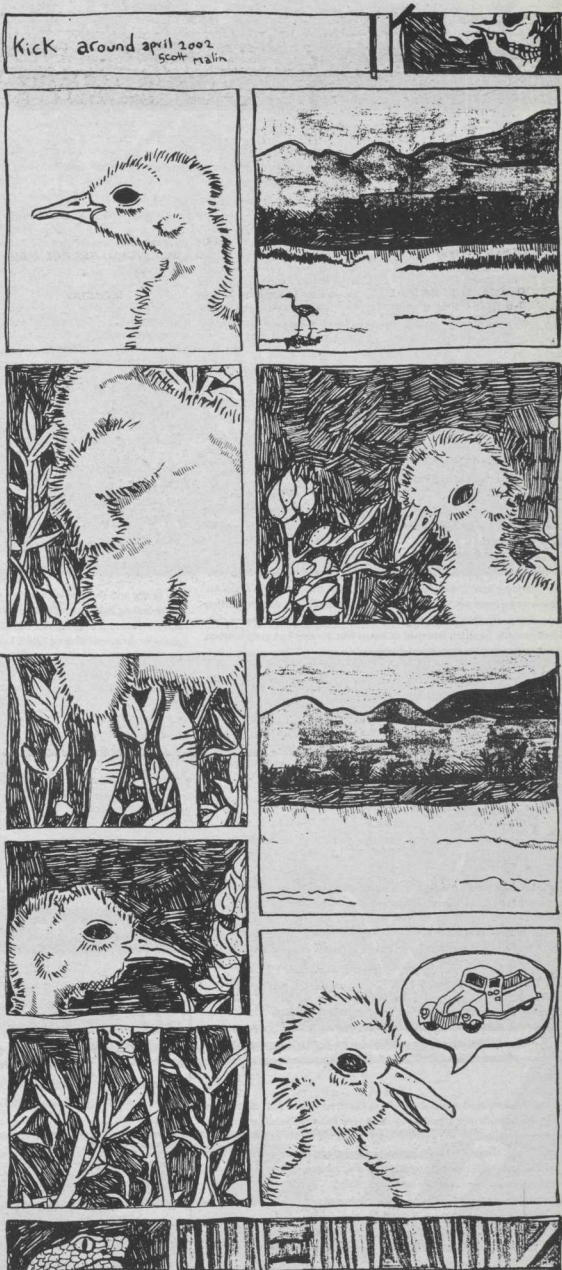
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/bass" drop demi heads rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. -Gay Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

WWW.CITR.CA



datebook



what's happening in April



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE MAY ISSUE. THE DEADLINE IS APRIL 29. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRI 29

jesus christ vampire hunter@blinding light!!; tomas jirku, tobas, daniel gardner, rob warren@www.shrumtribe.com; de la soul@commodore; rye coalition@paradox (seattle)

SAT 30

the commitments@commodore; gaylord@video in (craft fair 12pm-3pm; art opening 8pm); jesus christ vampire hunter@blinding light!!; martin tielt@richard's; sadies, beachwood sparks@pic; jerry holland@croatian cultural centre; new year, pedro the lion, sea worthy@graceland; canucks vs anahaim mighty fucks@gm place

SUN 31

gaylord@video in (doors 7:30pm); young and sexy@zulu records (4pm); jesus christ vampire hunter@blinding light!!; neil halstead@graceland; canucks@L.A. slaves

MON 1

custom@sonar; spiritualized@commodore; new art by steven horwood@main

TUES 2

rock action@blinding light!!; christine fellows@sugar refinery; trail vs russia, holding pattern@ms. t's; moka only@element; lisa o'neill@main; princess superstar@wett bar

WED 3

artropolis revisited@blinding light!!; assertion@sugar refinery; jp carter trio@main; giant sand@crocodile (seattle)

THURS 4

superstar@wett bar

FRI 5

the new pornographers, young and sexy, the gay@commodore; cana capote@blinding light!!; chris culler and masa john anza@western front; dee daniels and denzel sinclair@cap college performing arts theatre; parlor steps, day george@sugar refinery; mac pontiac@main; da capo@anza club; eels@crocodile (seattle); jonathan richman feat. tommy larkins@showbox (seattle); canucks vs minnesota child@gm place

SAT 6

canu capote@blinding light!!; georg groewe vancouver ensemble@western front; dee daniels and denzel sinclair@cap college performing arts theatre; new old jass band, brian jordan from san diego@sugar refinery; thirsty@main; baby blue sound crew, choclair@commodore

SUN 7

heres and villains@blinding light!!; summerlad, dave gowans@sugar refinery; shine@main; canucks vs phoenix crybabies@gm place

MON 8

cap college photo show@sugar refinery

TUES 9

fiesto@blinding light!!; parallela tuesdays@sugar refinery; canucks@colorado buttunch

WED 10

fiesto@blinding light!!; hard rubber orchestra@vancouver east cultural centre; assertion@sugar refinery; jason micha@main

THURS 11

lucinda williams@commodore; drama queens@blinding light!!; chris tarry's incredible conscience@cap college performing arts theatre; greg david, hrvaski, losci@sugar refinery; dave seymour@main; scratch pervers@wett bar; canucks vs L.A. pork sausage@gm place

FRI 12

honeymoon suite, the rik emmett band performing triumph hits@commodore; canu dialectics break bricks@blinding light!!; rufus cappadocia with tomy wilson and dylan van der schiff@western front; millennium project iv@sugar refinery; falcons@main; pedro the lion, pano@richard's (early show)

SAT 13

big sugar, john ford@commodore; sinoia caves cd release party@blinding light!!; the buttless chicks, carolyn mark and her roommates@sugar refinery; resin, jon wood@main; and you will know us by the trail of dead@richard's (early show); shins, fruit bats, dizzy signals@graceland (seattle); piebald, minus the bear, audio learning centre@paradox; quast, mountain goats, sarah dougher@wett bar sky church (seattle); wiggle fashion show@sonar; canucks@calgary flumers

SUN 14

enjoy yours@blinding light!!; omia sosa septet@richard's; angie inglis@sugar refinery; dustin kielior@main; von bonies, soledad brothers@pic

MON 15

jp carter trio@sugar refinery; firewater, Essex green, ladybug transistor@graceland (seattle)

TUES 16

the star wars spinoff show@blinding light!!; parallela tuesdays@sugar refinery

WED 17

the star wars spinoff show@blinding light!!; assertion@sugar refinery; audio-lava@main; edith frost@graceland (seattle)

THURS 18

tony levin band@richard's; jayhawks, cash brothers@sonar; a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; bruce nielsen band@cellar; bruce freedman trio@sugar refinery; t paul ste. marie presents...@main; spitfires, by a thread, nasty on richard's; dj swamp@sonar

FRI 19

beres hammond@commodore; cannibal corpse, dark funeral, pissing razors@richard's; a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; dave mcmurdo@cap college performing arts theatre; broken crow quartet@sugar refinery; parlor steps@main; les savy fav, gg darray@pic; beres hammond@commodore

SAT 20

tony levin band@richard's; jayhawks, cash brothers@sonar; a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; jim munroe book launch (7pm), golden wedding band (10pm)@sugar refinery; heather griffin and good wood@main; jayhawks@sonar (early show); david morales@commodore; trail vs russia, vermilion, building press@pic; ivanna santilli@sonar

SUN 21

vrca record and cd sale@croatian cultural centre (11am-5pm); a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; erik truffaz ladyland quartet@norman rothstein theatre; spoken word with trish kelly@sugar refinery; fireballs of freedom, lost goat@pic; explosions in the sky, fridge@richard's

MON 22

hard rock miners@main; jack johnson@richard's; nick cave and the bad seeds@paramount (seattle)

TUES 23

billy bragg and the blokes, marina sorbara@commodore; a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; parallela tuesdays@sugar refinery; dj brian@sonar

WED 24

a galaxy far, far away@blinding light!!; lousy bum@sugar refinery; cara luft@main

THURS 25

byob@blinding light!!; cubanismo@commodore; frog eyes@sugar refinery; robin carrigan@main; dj greyboy@sonar

FRI 26

medeski, martin and wood@commodore; sidewalk surfing@blinding light!!; jp carter quartet@sugar refinery; johnny wisdom@main; iced earth, in flames@croatian cultural centre

SAT 27

bonobo, anti-pop consortium, buck 65@sonar; sidewalk surfing@blinding light!!; trianglerich@sugar refinery; dave gowans, david p. smith@main; gadgets@brickyard

SUN 28

the slow escape@blinding light!!; kick in the eye@main; connie calder@chan centre; tanya donnelly@richard's

MON 29

barraque@orpheum

WED MAY 1

THURS 2

CITR PRESENTS RADIOGRAM, THE BEANS, THE SECRET THREE @PICADILLY PUB; donald glauze@sonar

FRI 3

cracker, sound of urchin@richard's

Special events

GAY BIZARRE

a double dose of sex/gender violence at the video in. on march 30, there'll be a craft fair from 12 to 3 pm and an art opening at 8 pm. on march 31, come and see third antenna, a "radical drag documentary" and catch rock bands night nurse, the organ, incredible children of the future and seagulls ahoj. doors at 7:30pm. it'll be really, really gay.

RECORD FAIR

if you find a copy of elton john's captain fantastic and the brown dirt cowboy on sunday, april 21 at the croatian cultural centre snap it up. consider yourself very lucky to find such a rare and valuable record.

LINK-AGE

april 19, 20, and 21 vancouver new music presents udo kasemets, allison cameron, and many other talented, experimental composers from estonia (okay, from other countries too) at various venues. for more information visit www.newmusic.org or call 604.633.0861

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robbson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828
blinding light!! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197
club 23	23 west cordova	
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futurestic flavour	1029 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
the main cafe	4210 main	604.709.8555
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender	
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050
picnic cinématique	131 howe	604.688.8202

pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
video-in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

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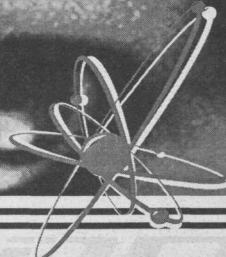
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